AR 714005

FLASHBACK

PRESERVING THE PAST FOR THE FUTURE

NOVEMBER 1982

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WASHINGTON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

FLASHBACK

PRESERVING THE PAST FOR THE FUTURE

Volume 32 ★ Number 4

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THE CHANDLER STORY

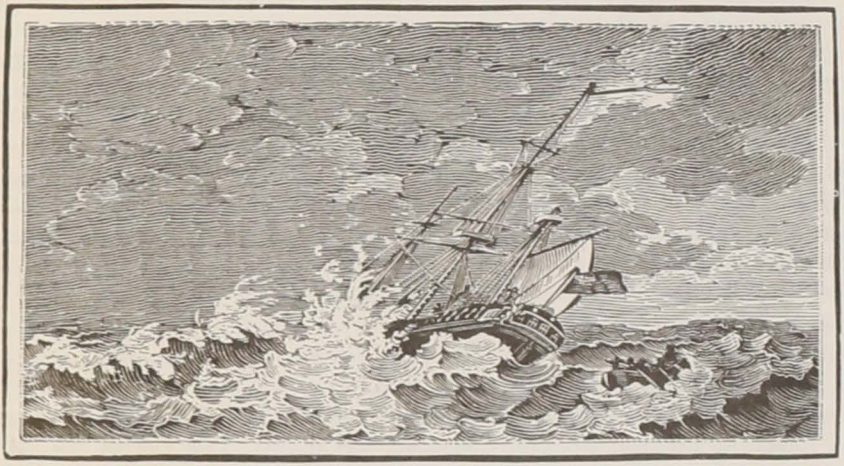
By Christine Chandler Gamble

This is the record of a family from 1687 to 1887 and the history of events taking place within those years. Although I am a part of this family, I do not pretend to know all about it. Part of the story is what I have been able to glean from older Chandlers when I was young, and part from genealogists and the Delaware Historical Society. Their assistance, and that of my husband, is deeply appreciated.

The Immigrants

The Chandlers came to England from Normandy in 1066 with William the Conqueror and his court. They were called Chandeliers because they were the keepers of the candles for the King. They made the candles and watched over them, keeping them trimmed and replaced. When the Conqueror died in 1087, the Chandeliers anglicized their name to Chandler and continued to live in England for generations. They were manufacturers of candles and became very wealthy. Many of the Chandlers were Quakers or Friends and were unhappy living in England because of persecution and even imprisonment.

In 1687 George and Jane Chandler and their seven children (Jane, George II, Thomas, Swithin, Williams, Charity and Anne) left their home of Grait Hodge in Wiltshire County, England, to find a home where they could worship God as they chose. They suffered months of hardship and misery at sea. George, the father, died and was buried at sea on the thirteenth of December.



Another home was found for them in the Pennsylvania wilderness. Tradition says they landed on the spot where William Penn was about to start building the City of Brotherly Love, Philadelphia. My source says they landed at Marcus Hook, Chester County. They settled in upper Chichester township on land purchased by George's brother John before they left England. John,

and his brother Jacob, had come to America before 1685 and Jacob owned 100 acres. They had all come from the same area in England where they had lived for generations. (If Jacob, John and George were not brothers, there is no doubt that they were related.)

Jane, now a widow, paid twenty-seven pounds to John Chandler for her share of the property. She married twice, but both husbands died, and in 1696 she was living in Philadelphia, after which no more is known of her.

Jacob Chandler was a Quaker and held monthly meetings in his home, Jacob's Well, as they had no meeting house. The plantation was situated in the upper forks of Naamans Creek, northwest of where Boothwyn Station on the B. & W. Railroad is now. Jacob was the youngest of the three Chandler men and supposed to be wealthy. After selling his Pennsylvania plantation he went to Virginia, settling near the Quaker Hopewell Meeting House near Fredericksburg.

Jacob's wife was named Esther, but not all of the children are named. From the research we have done, we believe Jacob Chandler, born in Virginia in 1725, was their last child. Zachariah was also a son of Jacob I. He was the father of Solomon King Chandler, my great-grandfather's father who was born in Newberry County, South Carolina, and was listed in the first census in 1790.

Jacob II married Ann Taylor in Virginia in 1750 and they had five children, two of whom died soon after birth. They had Elizabeth, who married Daniel Miles and moved to Ohio to get away from slavery, and Jonathan, an Israel. It was here that the Chandlers and the Reeder family formed a lasting friendship. Ann Taylor's sister, Lydia Taylor, married Joshua Reeder, oldest son of Simon II and Anastasia Dunbar Reeder. Lydia lived only a few years, and he then married Jonathan Taylor's last daughter, Elizabeth. These marriages began the Chandler and Reeder association, down to my great-great-grandfather, Micajah, who was the sixth child of Simon Reeder and the brother of Joshua Reeder. Simon and Anastasia had sixteen children.

Among the numerous descendants of George and Jane Chandler were: Parrish Dillwyn, M. D. and son of Philadelphia, the Harneys, Shortledges, Craigs, Yarnalls, and Darlingtons, all of whom remained in the East. Another Jacob Chandler, born 1773, son of Isaac Chandler, son of George Chandler III, married his cousin Esther Chandler, daughter of Swithin Chandler III in Delaware. They had twelve children.

My family came from Newberry County, South Carolina, district 96, to Kentucky to Arkansas in 1826. There were many Chandlers in Washington County. My great-grandfather, Jacob, had ten children, and my grandfather, Preston, had eleven children. Most of them stayed in Washington County: the Leaches, Ewings, Millers, Carsons, Worshams. The Lattas moved to Texas.

"Yea, goodly heritage."

The Pioneers

Jacob Chandler, his wife Elizabeth Reeder Chandler, and their first six children, and Micajah Reeder (Elizabeth's father) with his other four children

— Noah, Elijah, Daniel and Micajah, Jr. — were among the earliest settlers in Washington County, Arkansas Territory. They came in 1827 and the county had not yet been named Washington.

Jacob had gone first into Choctaw Nation, Oklahoma Territory, but did not like what he saw, and came into Arkansas Territory near Evansville, where he found what he was looking for: a mountain overlooking Vineyard Township called "The Vineyard" by most of the early settlers.

Micajah Reeder went into what was later Illinois Township, near Cincinnati, in Arkansas Territory.

Jacob homesteaded two hundred and forty acres and kept buying 40-acre tracts until he owned around 500 acres, almost the whole mountain which was called Chandler's Mountain in early times. He was well-off financially, having received his inheritance from his father Solomon King Chandler (d. ca 1813) before he left Kentucky. He inherited gold and bought about a dozen slaves. He worked along with his slaves clearing the land and building a huge log house for his big family, as well as barns, cabins for the slaves, and a log smokehouse.

I often heard when I was a child that Jacob never asked a slave to do anything he would not do himself. His slaves were deeply devoted to him, expecially one called Jubal who was always at Jacob's side and stayed with him until Jacob's death in 1876, at the age of 83. His death is entered in the family Bible and his tombstone states "He died in the full triumph of his faith". I am sure Jubal made his coffin and probably laid him out for burial.

Jacob Chandler was born in Newberry, South Carolina, April 20, 1793. His parents were Mary and Solomon King Chandler, born ca 1742, died 1813 in Caldwell County, Kentucky. Solomon King Chandler, born ca 1742, died 1813 in Caldwell County, Kentucky. Solomon King Chandler was listed in the 1790 census in South Carolina, and so was Micajah Reeder. They both joined the army of the Revolutionary War in 1789. Micajah volunteered twice and was drafted once. Solomon K. did 511 days on horseback in Captain John Lyle's, Henry Lyle's and Edward Kelly's companies. They were all friends and served in Col. Waters' Regiment from June 1, 1780 to August 13, 1782.

After the Revolutionary War many people began to move. They wanted more space, more land. They realized they could not continue to huddle on the eastern shore and have the kind of lives they longed for. They were an independent people living in an independent country now, and they wanted to see more of it. They spoke of going west, and by west I mean the Ohio country and Kentucky and down to the south central part of their country. They

began to hear of Arkansas Territory. When Jacob's father, Solomon King Chandler and Micajah Reeder mustered out of the Army of the Revolution, they decided to go to Kentucky. The pioneer spirit had touched them.

The Chandlers and Reeders had been in the census of 1790 in Newberry, South Carolina, and in 1800-1815 they were in the census of Kentucky in Livingston and Caldwell counties, listed as large land owners and slave owners. The Chandlers and the Reeders had been dismissed from the Quaker (Friends) church for fighting in the Revolution. The Chandlers became Methodists at some time later.

Micajah Reeder was one of sixteen children of Simon Reeder II and Anastasia Dunbar Reeder. She was the daughter of Joseph Dunbar who came to America in the early eighteenth or late seventeenth centruy. Micajah Reeder's wife was Judith Roland Reeder. Elizabeth Reeder was born on February 22, 1800 and married Jacob Chandler in 1815. Jacob was twenty-two. They were married in the Reeder home as she was underage and her parents had to be present; I am not sure her mother, Judith, was still alive. She was not mentioned when they left Kentucky, so we presume she died.

After the Revolution, some of the Reeder brothers chose to come to Arkansas Territory where they built a large lumber mill, a small railroad, and a village named Reader, Arkansas (note the change in spelling). They insisted Micajah and Jacob join them. They decided to do so, and remained in Reader for several years.

There Jacob and Elizabeth Reeder Chandler had their first child, Emily, in 1816. Their next child was a son, named after Jacob's brother who had stayed in Kentucky. He was born in 1817 and died at birth. His name is written in Jacob's Bible in such small writing that it is hard to see, as if a grief-stricken father was so heartbroken over losing his first son that he found it hard to write "William died".

Preston Chandler (my paternal grandfather) was born in February, 1820; Alfred, in 1821; Benjamin Franklin, in 1822; Louanna, January 21, 1825; Albert Gallatin, October 5, 1826. The first of their children born in Washington County was Eunita or Unity, born February 8, 1829. Lucinda was next on January 15, 1831; James Monroe, April 23, 1833; Elizabeth Jane, the eleventh child, was born January 18, 1835.

While living in Reader, Arkansas, Jacob led a busy life in the Community. He was a magistrate for three years and road overseer for three years. The Reeder brothers had a falling-out — I never heard what it was about — and Jacob and Micajah decided to leave Clark County and find a more peaceful place to live.

In 1829-30 a post office was established at Vineyard (the second one in Washington County, Arkansas Territory). Lewis Evans, the founder of Evansville, was the first postmaster, and Jacob Chandler was postmaster in 1834 and again in 1840. Jacob Chandler and Jonathan Allen posted Lewis Evans' security (or bond) of $300 when he was postmaster. By the time Jacob served as postmaster the last time, Arkansas had become a state in 1836.

Evansville was a wild town, and lots of crimes were committed. It was so close to Indian Territory, that if a crime was committed the perpetrator could almost step across the line into Indian Territory and escape the United States Marshals. Some of the Cherokees who had broken away from their tribe were a source of much trouble. They were called Pin Indians because they wore pins all over their clothes, any kind of a pin. They were a source of trouble and they could appear when you least expected them. One night they appeared suddenly in Jacob's house. Someone had failed to lock the doors. They found a skillet and heated it and put Jacob's feet in it to try to make him give them his gold. He kept repeating "I have no gold", until it is supposed they believed him and finally went away. Jacob had gold, but it was buried. He was crippled for a long time. He felt his family needed the gold enough to endure such suffering as he experienced. You can be sure they checked the doors more thoroughly thereafter.

In 1830 when County Court was established in Washington County, two new townships were formed. Jacob Chandler was appointed Judge of Vineyard Township. He took an active part in his community, helping his neighbors, acting as road overseer, and helping to build a school. He wanted his big family to be able to attend shcool. He took an active part in trying to find the murderers of the Wright family at Cane Hill. When the murderers were caught and brought back to Cane Hill (I believe it was still called Boonsboro), they put the murderers in an area which was thickly wooded all around, almost like a room. They were all found guilty.

According to *FLASHBACK*, Jacob Chandler was appointed captain of the guards. There were many guards inside the area, and all around it on the outside. "After watching the prisoners all night and hearing them speak softly to one another, Jacob said to some of the guards, 'I have watched them all night, and I am not sure they are guilty.' He was deeply moved over this, and some-

one said, 'Speak up if you feel that way,' and Jacob said, 'It's no use, the court has spoken and the committee of 100 is sure.' "He was a good and gentle man and a good Christian," to quote from *FLASHBACK*.

"There was a crowd of 1,000 who came to see the hanging, and one by one they were brought out and hanged." Those were harsh times.

Jacob was called Squire Chandler by all who knew him, a title denoting one who was highly respected and wise.

In 1836, on the seventh day of April, Jacob's beloved Elizabeth died at the age of 36. The mother of eleven children, she had been married twenty-one years. In Jacob's Bible he wrote, "She departed this life in the full triumph of her faith." In the same month, on the twenty-third, his young daughter Louanna died, and in less than a month the baby, Elizabeth Jane, died. It is easy to imagine the grief and sorrow which the whole family experienced.

Jacob had established a family cemetery on the west side of the mountain. This is now on Highway 59, just out of Dutch Mills, and very close to the road. The road was not there at that time, and all the road and across it belonged to Jacob. The first member buried there was Micajah Reeder, Elizabeth's father, in 1835. He was seventy-seven years of age and alone, as his children had all married and left home, so he was living with Jacob and Elizabeth when he died. Noah Reeder, Micajah's oldest son was also buried in Jacob's cemetery.

Jacob was left with several small children when Elizabeth died, but had older ones to help him. Emily stayed home until she was twenty-four.

Both of my great-grandparents (Jacob and Elizabeth), my paternal grandparents (Preston and Bathsheba Ann), the two little girls, and my father's youngest sister, Flora, were all buried in Jacob's cemetery. When Jacob died at 83, on November 14, 1876, the land was sold out of the family and cemetery rights were not reserved.

For many years the cemetery was in good repair, even though it was in a horse lot. But after the older aunts and uncles died, the owner of the land resented our coming down and straightening up the stones. We offered to buy the small plot of nine graves, but were turned down, and were not allowed to put a cyclone fence around it, as the owner said his horses might get their feet in it. We finally realized we had to do something to save that small cemetery of our ancestors. Mrs. Rex Winstead of Vineyard allowed us to move our cemetery to Vineyard, and it cost us nothing. What more fitting place for Jacob's cemetery than Vineyard at the foot of his mountain. He had two grandchildren and a great grandchild buried in Vineyard. In December of 1978 it was moved. We had some of the stones mended, and all the old stones sandblasted. Some had to be replaced.

On May 8, 1980, Marion Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution marked Micajah Reeder's grave with a beautiful bronze marker.

My great-uncle Alfred Chandler grew to young manhood on the mountain where he was born. He felt the restlessness of young men ready to leave home, and had heard of the activity in Texas. When he and two friends left Vineyard for Texas, his father Jacob gave him a beautiful black stallion to ride. His beautiful black horse, along with twenty others, were stolen when

they were camping near Cedar Springs (later Dallas). They left them two poor old mares. This happened several months after he arrived in Texas.

Uncle Alfred made two trips back home to Arkansas. He took his brother, Albert Gallatin, with him on the second trip. They started to Mexico with the intention of joining General "Rough and Ready" Taylor of the American army. He had already gone to Mexico when they arrived, so instead of joining the army they joined the Texas Rangers. Uncle Alfred was a second lieutenant.

In a beautiful tribute to him in *Pioneer Magazine* when he died, a story was told about him riding behind his older sister Emily to a wedding near Evansville, Arkansas, the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Heard, parents of J.S., S.D. and Charles Heard of McKinney, Texas. Several fine Washington County families moved to McKinney, Texas.

Great Uncle Alfred and Uncle Albert mustered out of the Rangers in 1849 and returned to Arkansas to see their family. This was their last visit home for thirty-five years. Uncle Alfred married Miss Mary Ellen Magner in December, 1849, and they settled near McKinney which he helped found.

A book could be written about this great and good man, but the story I like best is about the pecan tree. In 1849, after experiencing an exciting life as a Texas Ranger, he decided to settle down. He and some of his friends who were also mustering out of the Rangers were camping at Buckner, Texas under the largest pecan tree that any of them had ever seen. Uncle Alfred said, "I am coming back here some day and build my home." After returning to Arkansas and getting married, he went back to the big pecan tree in the spring of 1850 and picked out a site. He bought 275 acres of land, paying one dollar an acre for prairie land, and one dollar and twenty-five cents for timber land. His first home was made of elm logs, but later a beautiful residence was built, with a stately pecan tree standing by the front door. Uncle Alfred had four children: Al G. Chandler, a prominent business man in McKinney who died in 1907; Mrs. John C. Coleman of McKinney; J.T. (James Throckmartin), a farmer of the Bois d'Arc community; and Miss Kate Chandler.

During the years, contact was lost with this Texas branch of the family, so you can imagine my excitement when one day Miss Bernice Karnes brought with her to church a letter she had received form A.G. Chandler of Texas which said he was sure that his great-grandfather was buried in Washington County and would she research this for him. He also stated that Alfred Chandler, one of Jacob's sons, was his grandfather. A.G. (Albert Gallatin) was the son of James Throckmartin Chandler; his mother was Eva Grace Hartin Chandler. Both lived full lives and are buried in the Pecan Park cemetery in McKinney. There were five children: Henry Grady, Daisy Gay, James Alfred, Winnie Cathrine, and A.G.

A.G. and his wife Oletha bought a ranch near Bastrop, Texas. They lived in London, England for nineteen years, and in Geneva, Switzerland for three or four years. While living there they became acquainted with the Gallatin family and became good friends. Since A.G.'s middle name is Gallatin, he was very interested. Albert Gallatin was a wealthy Swiss immigrant who moved his wife and children to Washington, D.C. and spent a great deal of money for the cause of independence. He became Secretary of the Treasury under

Thomas Jefferson. When Congress levied an excise tax on distilling in 1791 there was a rebellion of western "moonshiners" against federal "revenooers". In the Appalachians and beyond, distilling was a practical method of using surplus corn. Covenants were signed never to pay the tax, and law-abiding distillers were terrorized. The whole thing could have become ugly had it not been for Albert Gallatin and Hugh Brackenridge. Gallatin was the Republican minority leader in Congress, living in Washington, D.C. His home was burned down during the war of 1812. We feel there is a connection between the Gallatins and the Chandlers, but have not been able to find the secret.

When A.G. and Oletha Chandler came to visit us, he was shocked at the condition of the family cemetery and, as I have already said, we decided to move it to Vineyard. A.G.'s business is oil drilling equipment. They have twin sons, Jim and John. John is with Exxon, and Jim is in business with his father. They both have homes and families in Houston. A.G. and Jim go to the Middle East three or four times a year in their business. We are so pleased to have a Chandler man of our generation back in the family.

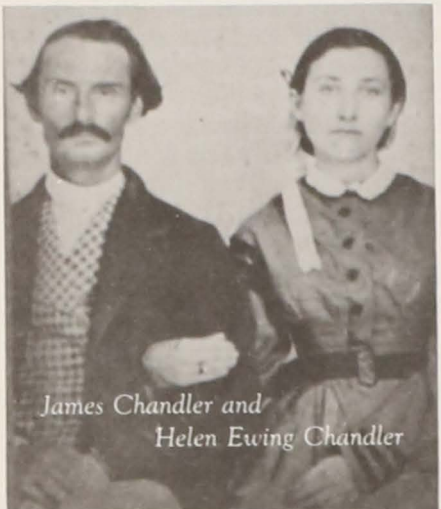
Great-uncle Albert Gallatin (after whom A.G. was named) never married, but was one of the most honored citizens of Chambersville, Texas. He served in the War Between the States, as did Uncle Alfred.

Benjamin Franklin Chandler married Serena Bartlett in 1856 and settled near Winslow. I am told some of his descendants still live around there.

We did not find in Jacob's Bible what happened to Emily, his oldest child, and were puzzled until we read the "Latta Story" and found that she had married Thomas Neeley Latta in 1840. She stayed in Vinyard until 1845, and their first three children were born there. They, too, had the pioneer spirit and moved to Fannin County, Texas, where they had seven more children.

Eunita or Unity married John Franklin Latta and lived only three years after their marriage.

Great-uncle James Monroe, who was only three when his mother died, grew to be a fine man, very successful in business. He, too, had some sorrow in his life. He married Miss Margaret Morrow of Morrow Town in Arkansas, and they had one son, William McLynn, born 1859. Margaret died May 18, 1862. I have heard she was very beautiful.



James Chandler and Helen Ewing Chandler

Great-uncle James then married his niece, Helen Ewing, the daughter of Reverend Young Ewing and Lucinda Chandler Ewing, in 1863. The Rev. Ewing was a well-known Methodist preacher in Washington County. Uncle James fought for the Confederacy. He had a large mercantile business in Springdale and Fayetteville. They lived in Fayetteville as he had a son, James, and a daughter, Lillian, attending the University. They lived on the corner of Maple and College, where James Holder had his real estate office for

years. He later sold his business and moved to Muskogee, Oklahoma.

My paternal grandfather, Preston, married Bathsheba Ann Bartlett. She was the daughter of Joseph Shurtleff Bartlett, born in Kingston, Massachusetts in 1796. His wife was Amanda Porter Zacry, born in Nashville, Tennessee in 1810. Bathsheba was born in Nashville in 1836. The Bartletts came to Washington County from Butler, Missouri and went back there after their daughters married. My grandmother, Bathsheba Ann Bartlett, was a direct descendant of William Brewster of the Mayflower. I wish I could have known her, as I have been told she was a remarkable person, filled with the pioneer spirit, as well as the Holy Spirit.

She was sixteen and Preston was thirty-two when they married. He built a large log house close to his father's. She gave birth to eleven children, and they all lived to advanced old age, except my father who died at seventy-two, and a sister who died at forty-two.

Bathsheba Ann and Preston Chandler

Bathsheba Ann was a Unionist, and a staunch Republican. She insisted that Preston join the Union Army. He was about 45 years old and not a strong man physically. They put him in the Arkansas Home Guard, which duties took him away from home often, and Bathsheba was not treated kindly by her Confederate neighbors who had been her friends in the past. She and her children finally had to go to a Union camp. She was expecting another child and while there she gave birth to Emma Helen in a covered wagon, in 1864, I believe near Cincinnati.

One night when Preston came home to see his family, he was shot in the back by one of his neighbors who had been his friend. They lived very close to these people. He was shot when he was standing on a huge flat rock. He was not killed, but carried a bullet in his lung until he died January 5, 1884 of pneumonia, age 63.

James Greer, Sr. (Richard Greer's great-grandfather) came to Washington County in 1854. He was killed by the Pin Indians. My grandmother Bathsheba Ann, and two of her older daughters were watching them and hoping they wouldn't come to her house. Aunt Lucinda and Aunt Mary saw Mr. Greer's scalp hanging from the rifle of one of the Indians. As soon as they were gone, she and my two aunts found Mr. Greer's body, wrapped and buried it, and marked the grave with a sandstone rock.

Mac and Susan Young own most of the Chandler land now, except the farm the cemetery was on. Mac and Richard Greer found the grave about two years ago. Such bravery and strength as grandmother showed!

Bathsheba Ann was a Baptist and a devout Christian. My uncle John Chandler of Muskogee (my father's oldest brother) told me that she never missed a meeting. She had a fine black mare named Delsey, and rain or dark of night would not keep her away from a meeting. On Sundays she took the whole family in a wagon.

I remember hearing that Bathsheba went to Jacob and told him he was committing a sin by keeping slaves. Jacob told her he would free them. He wrote their freedom papers and told them they were all free to go or stay. Only Jubal stayed. One night about a week or so later he heard a commotion in the slave quarters. His ex-slaves had come back. They begged him to let them stay as they had no place to go. Jacob told them, "You can stay and I will pay you twenty-five cents a day, your room and board, clothing and medicines, but remember you are free to go at any time." I never heard of them leaving, and the ones who died while they were there were buried in the family cemetery.

The children of Preston and Bathsheba Ann Bartlett Chandler were: Mary Lynn, born February 1854; Lucinda, born July 1856; Elizabeth, born November 7, 1858; John Franklin, born September 1861; Emma Helen, born October 1864; Joseph Preston, born 1867; Anne Margaret, born 1870; Orpha, born 1872; Albert Thomas, born 1875; James William, born June 1, 1877; and Flora, born 1880.

James William Chandler was my father. He married our mother, Elizabeth Priscilla Choate on December 22, 1898. The Choates came from Tennessee between 1850-1860. They were married in the bride's home as was the custom then. My mother's wedding dress was dove gray, trimmed in mauve satin. Her two attendants were girls with whom she had played and gone to school. One of the wedding customs was the Infair Day. The day after the wedding all the guests went to the groom's house and had a big dinner and dancing — more like folk dancing. The bride wore a blue dress, called her Infair dress.

James' and Elizabeth's first child, a son, died at birth.

James Herbert Chandler was born May 16, 1903. He married Vera Moore in 1938, September 24. He died of leukemia in 1966. Vera died in May, 1981.

Newton Albert Chandler was born October 8, 1905. He married Marie Pinkerton, November 26, 1930 and they had two sons, Newton Albert, Jr. and James Ralph. Newton met a tragic death on November 3, 1941; Marie died February 15, 1964.

Anna Mae Chandler Robinett

Anna Mae Chandler was born March 27, 1908 and was a very talented singer. She won second place in the Atwater-Kent contest when she was 18, singing "Cara Nome" from "Rigoletto" and the manager of the Metropolitan Opera, who was one of the judges, said she should have won first. He said he had never heard such a matured coloratura at her age. She had a successful career in radio and the movies and put Arkansas on the map before the Razorbacks. She married Maurice Robinett of Kansas City in April of 1940. They had one daughter, Suzanne, of Los Angeles.

Mary Christine Chandler (the author of this family history) married O. H. Gamble, a real estate man and contractor. We live in Fayetteville and have two daughters (Mrs. W.P. Watkins II of Fayetteville and Anna Buck of Denver, Colorado) and four grandchildren.

Julia Irene was born November 6, 1912 at Vineyard, where we all were born. She married Irvin Fitzgerald on December 25, 1932. They have one daughter, Mrs. Jerry Bogard of Stuttgart, Arkansas.

Edward Lafayette was born September 5, 1915. He lived with our parents all his life, and died September 25, 1966.

The Chandlers have lived in Washington County for 155 years and six generations.

Two of the most popular "wash places" on Ballard Creek were: a large pool on what is now Cleborn Cann's farm; and at the "Old Elm's Spring" on the farm now owned by George Scott. Tools used in laundering were a heavy bench made of a split log, a large iron kettle, and a "battling stick"; wooden tubs, too, if you wanted to haul them back and forth. The "battling stick" was a sort of big paddle, the blade of which was about eight inches by ten inches with a handle three or three and one-half feet long.

The process was as follows: clothes were first soaped with homemade "lye" soap, a strong, highly corrosive yellow soap, rubbed in a tub, soaped again, folded, laid on a bench, and beaten briskly with the battling stick. This was guaranteed (and still is) to clean the dirtiest of clothes. The clothes were then boiled, rinsed, and laid or hung out to dry.

From: A HISTORY OF SUMMERS COMMUNITY
by Zella Cann and Eugene Gibson, Fayetteville

QUERIES

DELBERT WAX, P.O. Box 9, Gillham, AR 71841 is looking for information on James H. WAX, born 1832, Tennessee, came to Washington County with father Jacob Wax in 1853. Was in the Confederate Army 1861-1864, Arkansas. He married Nancy HALL 27 October 1873. Was married by S.R. Braman, minister of the Christian Church. Need Bible, church and death records. Also, who were the parents of Florence HAUPTMAN, born 1853, no marriage or death records; Frances Hauptman, born 1856; and F.S. Hauptman, born 1856. Frances Hauptman, married E. BUXTON 17 Feb. 1883, Brentwood, AR. F.S. Hauptman married Marie JONES 15 Jan. 1887.

Mrs. Coralee Paull, 8001 Rosiline Drive, St. Louis, MO 63105 writes: "Moses HELLER, born 1811 Austria, died at the home of his daughter Julia Heller (Mrs. Moses) BAUM in Fayetteville, Arkansas, 3 Feb. 1903. Moses Heller is buried in St. Louis as is his wife Lena (?). I would like any information on Moses Heller or Julia Heller Baum. She died in Fayetteville Dec. 6, 1922."

Margie Abbe, 1717 Oak Tree Drive, Denton TX 76201 writes: My great grandmother was the daughter of James Richard MORRISON and Elizabeth BROTHERTON, and I am most anxious to hear from anyone related to either family. My great-grandfather was the son of Andrew Thomas BARRON and Carmelia STEVENSON. They are buried in Sharp cemetery in Prairie Grove. Joseph L. Barron and Flemmon SHARP were the parents of Andrew. Samuel Stevenson and Nancy PITTMAN were Carmelia's parents.

WORKSHOP TO BE HELD

The Mid-South Humanities Project, in cooperation with Arkansas College, announces the Arkansas Workshop on Teaching with Community Heritage Resources which will be held Thursday and Friday, November 18 and 19, 1982, at Arkansas College in Batesville. Applications will be open to teachers of history and English, elementary through community college level, and to curriculum coordinators, supervisors, administrators, historical society representatives, museum education coordinators, librarians, and others who work with teachers and students. The workshop will be limited to 40 participants who will be provided with a variety of materials and instructional aids. Those attending will receive reimbursement, not to exceed $50, for mileage, meals, and lodging. There is no fee for attending the workshop. Three hours graduate credit (optional) will be offered for the workshop and related activities. Whenever possible, re-certification or in-service credit will be offered for the workshop.

To receive an application and information, send name and address to:

Mid-South Humanities Project
P.O. Box 23
Middle Tennessee State Univ.
Murfreesboro, TN 37132

or

Tom Stanley, Asst. Professor
Art & Historic Preservation
Arkansas College
Batesville, AR 72501

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

In Northwest Arkansas

by Cal Kinzer, Park Historian

Prairie Grove Battlefield Historic State Park

Cy Sutherland's statement in the last issue of *FLASHBACK* that "Practically everyone in Washington County has a 'Blue and Gray' story" is certainly not far from the truth. It seems that almost everyone you run into on the streets of Fayetteville, Prairie Grove, or any of our towns has his or her own story to tell. How significant this event will prove to be in the history of the county, I don't know. But, as Cy himself said, "This **is** a part of the history of Washington County and it is appropriate that it be recorded for future generations."

My first contact with "The Blue and the Gray" began shortly after I began work as the Park Historian at Prairie Grove Battlefield Park in July of 1981. Our Superintendent, Ed Smith, had been in contact with the Arkansas Film Commission about the possibility of the film even before I came. In late July we got a call that a delegation of producers and directors would be visiting the park as part of a whirlwind tour they were conducting. It seems that Columbia had considered several states, including Virginia, Pennsylvania, Georgia, Kentucky and Arkansas as possible locations for the film. Although most of the story takes place in Virginia and Pennsylvania, they had already eliminated those locations because they are too urbanized and the actual battlefields are covered with monuments and modern anachronisms such as highways and power lines. What they were looking for was an area which had a lot of relatively untouched country where modern distractions could be disguised with a minimum of expense. They wanted an area which had plenty of varied terrain within a radius of about 30 miles and so cut down transporting costs. They were looking for an area with a number of houses and buildings which could be made to fit the period architecturally. They wished for an area where people would be enthusiastic about having the movie, and wouldn't mind the disruptions of normal life which must result from such a project. Most importantly, they desired an area which contained as many sites as possible out of a list of 20 "difficult locations" they considered the hardest to find. Included was a broad, open battlefield with a white frame house sitting on a hill for the Bull Run Battlefiedl; a courthouse with a jail and hanging ground for the John Brown scenes; a railroad station complete with steam trains of the period for the Lincoln at Leaman Station and Westminster, Maryland scenes; and a middle class farm house, complete with barn, on top of a hill with a stone wall near it for the Geyser farm scenes.

When I first met them, their choices had been narrowed to Kentucky and Arkansas. They had just been to Kentucky and given the royal treatment by the state Film Commission headed by actress Phyllis George, wife of the Governor. I'm sure that Arkansas' Film Commission with its staff of one (Director Joe Glass) was not as impressive as Kentucky's, but apparently our state had a lot more to offer regarding locations. And they found boundless enthusiasm here.

The morning when three big vans drove into the park, loaded with producers, directors, cameramen and aides was a thrill for all of us. Little did I realize then how much it was to change my life over the next few months. One of the first people I met was Harry Thomason, a co-producer. Harry is a native of Arkansas, and was a school teacher in Little Rock before going into the movie business. He still maintains his residence in Little Rock and flies home from Hollywood almost every weekend to be with his family. Harry is one of the most easy-going and likeable people I have ever met. It is simply amazing how he can remain calm and collected amid the mass confusion that surrounds him. I don't know how much influence he had in bringing the movie here, but I suspect he put in a good word for his native state.

Harry's counterpart was Hugh Benson, a delightful New Yorker, every inch the down-Easter. His great talent seemed to be his ability to make everyone feel good about what they were doing. When something went wrong (as it often did!), Harry could make you feel confident that everything was going to turn out all right. Hugh could make you see the "big picture" and realize that the problem was just a part of the process; that the finished product would more than make up for all the anguish and frustration you were going through. They were a remarkable team!

The third man of the "big brass" was the director, Andrew V. McLaglen. Son of actor, Victor McLaglen, he is a veteran of more than 35 years of screen directing. I always wanted to meet John Wayne, and I guess that meeting McLaglen was about as close as I could come. He is a tall (6'6"), impressive looking man who bears a striking resemblance to "the Duke" in physical characteristics as well as speech and mannerisms. I found he had directed five of John Wayne's movies, four with Jimmie Stewart, as well as the "Gunsmoke" and "Have Gun, Will Travel" TV series. He also directed "Shenandoah" which is one of my all-time favorite Civil War films. When I first met him I was overawed, but as time went on we became good friends. Just like "the Duke", he is the kind of man who demands respect and obedience. Those who gave it to him earned his genuine gratitude. Those who didn't do their job to his satisfaction didn't stay around long. He could bring things out of actors that I doubt they even knew they had. Fortunately for me, he came to trust my opinion on historical things. As time went on he took me more and more into his confidence. Quite often he would call me over to bounce ideas off me as he was visualizing a scene in his mind. Winning his respect is a thing of which I am most proud. Needless to say, I am a dyed-in-the-wool "Andy" McLaglen fan.

During their first visit to the area, the party visited Eureka Springs, Pea Ridge, Fayetteville, Prairie Grove, Cane Hill and Siloam Springs. They looked at a number of houses and other locations, not all of which suited them. They

liked Eureka Springs and Fayetteville, but wrote off Pea Ridge as the site for the Bull Run Battle. The problem of getting permission to use Pea Ridge, a Federal park, would have required so much Washington red tape that time would not permit. Many people saw a local TV news report covering that visit to Pea Ridge. They assumed that a great deal of the film was to be shot there, so "When are they going to Pea Ridge?" was most frequently asked

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Three weeks before the filming was to begin, Harry called again to ask if I would be willing to work as "military co-ordinator". Except for the two days using the re-enactors, most of the soldier scenes in the movie would be done using local extras. Someone was needed to teach correct drill from the Civil War period. Arrangements were made in Little Rock. I soon found myself on leave-of-absence from the State Park Service and on the payroll of Columbia Pictures. Although many people won't know the difference, all of the soldiers are using the identical drill as that used during the Civil War, taken from *Hardee's Tactics*, the most commonly used drill manual of the period.

I reported for work one Monday morning at the Columbia offices in a Fort Smith motel. Things were confused with people frantically running to and fro, getting ready for the first day of filming, less than three weeks away. My immediate superior was Jon Andersen, the Unit Production Manager. My first task was the reading of the script which I did in an empty motel room, spending most of the day on the 400 pages. The more I read, the more impressed I became. The influence of historian Bruce Catton could be seen on every page. There were juicy tidbits of Civil War history which have never been presented to the general public before, things such as the balloon and signal corps, entrenchments, louse races, and even a scene on how to load and fire a musket. I became convinced that this would be more than the usual run-of-the-mill Civil War movie. It would be a genuinely educational film.

The plot centers around a young Virginia farm boy, John Geyser (played by John Hammond). Geyser, an aspiring artist, leaves the farm in 1859 to try his hand as a newspaper artist on his Uncle Jacob Hale's newspaper in Gettysburg, Pa. His first assignment is to cover the trial and hanging of John Brown in Charles Town, Virginia (now West Virginia). While there, he meets

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an Army Secret Service agent, Jonas Steele (played by Stacey Keach). The two become close friends and the plot generally follows them in their adventures throughout the war. As a newspaper correspondent, John is in the right places at the right times to see important events as they happen. Jonas is also involved with a number of important people and happenings.

The scenes were not shot in sequence, but rather in the most convenient order for the location of the various sets. Thus, scenes which come late in the show were sometimes shot before scenes which came earlier. This led to some curious circumstances. For instance, Jonas marries John's cousin, Mary Hale. However, the scene where Jonas and Mary arrive at their honeymoon house was actually shot before the scene of their wedding.

The last few weeks before the filming started were taken up by a flurry of activity including a search for locations, casting of extras (there were about 10,000 applicants, with 5,000 eventually used), and helping Jon Andersen locate everything from original Civil War cannons, muskets and tents, to finding pictures of General Lee's horse to the trenches at Vicksburg. The art department, headed by Gary Lee, was simply fantastic. They designed all the sets and, where possible, used original photographs or drawings as guides. Part of my job was to provide these, and every day I would arrive with three or four large boxes of books from the local libraries as well as my personal Civil War book collection.

John Hammond as John Geyser and Stacy Keach as Jonas Steele

One thing which caused no end of headaches was our attempt to get original Civil War cannons. I knew some re-enactment groups in Tennessee, Michigan, and Illinois which had the guns. We worked hard, first in convincing them to let us rent their prized possessions, and then in working out the details for transporting them to and from Arkansas. Unfortunately, once we got them here, we found that the quarter horses being used by the wranglers weren't strong enough to pull them. So we ended up using fiberglass mock-ups which the movie people brought from Hollywood. We had four beautiful, original guns here for an entire month and they sat in the warehouse almost the whole time.

One of the scenes is that of a large training camp for which we needed lots of Civil War tents. One day I placed orders for over $6,000 worth of tents from companies which make them for re-enactments.

We considered using reproduction Springfield muskets and negotiated with a company in New Jersey for them. Unfortunately, the cost proved prohibitive, so the decision was made to use post-Civil War trapdoor rifles which had already been rented in Hollywood. These same rifles have been used in Civil War movies before, and they never fail to elicit condemnation from gun collectors and Civil War buffs. No doubt we will be criticized for this inaccuracy as well. The Union uniforms used by the extras are also of Indian Wars vintage and will cause some criticism. In defense, I can only say that the costs of using new reproductions would have been prohibitive. Whenever possible, we tried to hide these inaccuracies from the camera. Whether or not the strong point of the show (the presentation of historical characters and facts) outweighs the inaccuracies in some of the costumes and props will have to be decided by historians.

During that period before filming began, Harry Thomason and Huge Benson were still recruiting actors from Hollywood for some of the major parts. The biggest name was Gregory Peck, who was being courted for the part of Abraham Lincoln. Although Peck is a motion picture actor who rarely makes TV appearances, they were hopeful of getting him because he has been a lifelong admirer of Lincoln and had always wanted a chance to portray him. The problem was that in the original script Lincoln's part was a relatively minor one. Before he would accept the role, Peck insisted that the part be expanded. So Harry sat down to add several scenes, including the signing of the preliminary Emancipation Proclamation in 1862, and the last Cabinet meeting on the morning before the assassination in 1865. Harry had several questions for me to research, such as who was present at these meetings and what they did or did not say.

Shortly before the first day of filming, Jon Andersen called me in one morning to tell me that I had been promoted to the position of Technical Advisor. I was honored since this had apparently been suggested by Director McLaglen.

The filming began around the middle of August, the first two days involving scenes in the hot, crowded Judge Parker's courtroom in Fort Smith. The sultry August weather, combining a courtroom packed with extras and technicians, made these two days of filming the John Brown trial most uncomfortable. Sterling Hayden did a marvelous job of bringing the character of the mad abolitionist John Brown to life.

Following the scenes at Judge Parker's, we adjourned to Belle Point, a few hundred yards away for the hanging. A question arose over the correct spelling of "Charles Town" for use on some of the signs. The script writer had assumed that the hanging was in Charleston, West Virginia (the present state capital). But Brown committed his acts of treason in Harper's Ferry and Charleston is several hundred miles away, too far to be in the same judicial district. A quick phone call to the National Park Service historian at Harper's Ferry established that the trial was held in the small village of Charles Town, eleven miles from Harper's Ferry in northeastern West Virginia. Another call to the police department in Charles Town established the correct spelling of the name of the town at the time of the Civil War. Other small changes in the script were made as we went along, most of them involving the spelling or pronunciation of proper names or the use of anachronistic slang terms.

After John Brown had been duly dispatched to his just reward, and Mr. Hayden had taken his leave, we moved to a number of houses around the Fort Smith area. In all, nine days of filming were done in the Fort Smith-Van Buren area. In Van Buren, the entire main street of town was covered with several hundred tons of dirt, the modern signs and parking meters were removed, and the store fronts were all made to resemble a 19th century town. The four or five blocks at the north end of Main Street represented Gettysburg in 1861, and a scene was filmed of a Union recruiting rally. Just down the street, stores were boarded up and blackened, and shell holes were dug in the dirt to represent Vicksburg during the siege in 1863. Thousands of spectators came out every day in Van Buren. With the August sun beating down, these were the hottest days of the filming. (To contrast, by December, we were spending 12-14 hours a day in sub-freezing weather.) But the unpredictable Ozark weather cooperated throughout for the most part. We had only two or three days when the shooting schedule had to be altered because of rain. On such days, we would simply move indoors and substitute a "cover set", which was an indoor scene being saved for the purpose.

After nine days at Fort Smith and Van Buren, we made the big move to Fayetteville. Everything, including the offices, the warehouse, the costumes, the props, and the camera equipment, had to be brought north. The entire move was completed in about 24 hours. We took up new offices in the Hilton Hotel in Fayetteville. A new warehouse for props and costumes was created in Springdale. Livestock was quartered at the Springdale Rodeo grounds. Except for two days of shooting at the Fort Gibson Stockade in Oklahoma, and about three or four days at Beaver and Eureka Springs, the rest of the production was done within a 30-mile radius of Fayetteville.

The amount of trucks and other euqipment required to transport everything was impressive. We had about 125 head of horses, 12-15 wagons and ambulances, tents, muskets, equipment, drums, flags, and all the paraphernalia of war. Then there were cameras, wiring, lights, scaffolding, special effects equipment, catering trucks, furniture, set decorations, and on and on. The wardrobe department alone was a good example. There were uniforms enough to outfit several hundred soldiers, not to mention civilian clothing for several hundred more men, women, and children. The value of

the wardrobe alone was estimated to equal the entire budget of the picture, $16 million. Some of the costumes I saw had a lot of history behind them. There was the green velvet dress that Scarlet O'Hara had worn in *Gone With The Wind* as well as a suit worn by Ashley Wilkes in that same film. I saw a pair of pants which John Wayne had worn. In all, there were more than 125 people on the crew, and the average **hourly** cost for running the whole operation was about $8,000.

At least the move to Fayetteville brought cooler temperatures. A great relief! Cy Sutherland has already written of the various houses we used in the Fayetteville area, so I refer you to his article. However, two scenes which come to my mind deserve special mention. One involved a group of slaves to whom John brings word of the Emancipation Proclamation. The local black actors and extras who played in the scene did a delightful job. I was especially enchanted by a touching version of "The Year of Jubilo" they sang which I had never heard. One of the most beautiful locations we filmed was a hilltop near Winslow. It was here that I first met Warren Oates who played the villain, Major Welles. One day, between takes, Warren was clowning around with his sword and he tried to stick it in the ground. He quickly found that trying to stick anything in the rocky ground of our Boston Mountains is difficult. Mr. Oates was an amusing and interesting man. I was sorry to hear of his death a few months after the movie was completed.

Around the end of September, we began a series of sets in the Prairie Grove area. Some were on the Battlefield Park, while others were in the town of Prairie Grove, at Bob Kidd Lake west of town, and on the Dobbs property on Cove Creek, about six miles south of town. An old telephone company warehouse in Prairie Grove served as a local warehouse for a few days. Later big circus tents were erected at the park when the scenes were being shot.

At Bob Kidd Lake, authentic trenches were constructed for the siege of Vicksburg. These were based on actual photographs taken during the Civil War, and a little trick photography turned the peaceful fishing lake into the mighty Mississippi River, complete with Union gunboats sitting on it. The biggest problem was that fishermen in motorboats would sometimes drive through the shots.

The Battle of Bull Run scenes began on the Russell Black property, northeast of the park. An old bridge over the Illinois River served as the famous stone bridge, while the Illinois itself represented Bull Run Creek. It was ironic to see the Union troops crossing the Illinois at the exact same ford where many of Brig. Gen. Francis Herron's troops crossed during the Battle of Prairie Grove. The main battle was done around the old Archibald Borden House, scene of some of the heaviest fighting at Prairie Grove, and the battle lines were on exactly the same ground as they had been on December 7, 1862, even though the battle being portrayed was in far away Virginia in 1861.

I had spent weeks getting the re-enactors lined up for the big battle scene, and on the weekend of October 2-3 they began arriving by the hundreds from as far away as St. Paul, Minnesota; Nashville, Tennessee; Phoenix, Arizona; and Houston, Texas. These hobbyists brought their own uniforms, weapons, and equipment, and camped out on the park in tents. Their uniforms and gear are meticulously authentic, and each man's kit is worth aroung $1,000.

On that weekend, we had 350 re-enactors, plus about 200 more local extras and stunt men. The resulting battle was magnificent, and is the most accurate portrayal ever filmed of a Civil War engagement.

The next order of business after Bull Run (which was only one of six battle depicted in the film) was the "blowing up" of the Widow Henry House (Borden House). I guess no other incident, with the possible exception of the shortage of rooms at the Hilton during the Texas football game, caused Columbia so much embarrassment and bad publicity as this. In all fairness, I must say that much reported by the press was out of proportion to the actual happening. To read the accounts, one would have believed that an entire historical house had been totally demolished. Really a new wing was built on one end of the original house and this was what was blown up. Unfortunately, one of the explosive charges didn't go off exactly as expected, and about a dozen pieces of siding and one window frame on the original house itself were damaged. What was hurt had probably been put on the house in the 1940s and did not really represent damage to historical artifacts of value. Columbia put their crews to work immediately, and by the next morning you couldn't tell that anything had happened. In addition, they promised a donation of $5,000 toward the restoration of the house, which is badly in need of foundation stabilization. (At the time of this writing, none of this money has been received by the State.)

A number of other scenes were shot at Battlefield Park. A "tent city" was set up in the Vineyard Village area of the park, and both Garrett Creek school and the John Latta house were used for interior shots. John's duel with the Prussian officer, as well as the incident in which his cousin Malachy meets a Rebel soldier in a shell hole, were both done at the park. All of the park employees contributed much extra time and work while the movie was there. None of them got a single bit of recognition for it. The friendliness of the people of the town of Prairie Grove did capture the appreciation of the movie crew. They were charmed by the town, which is one of the best examples of what small-town America has to offer. I remember one afternoon during homecoming in which the entire crew — director, actors, and all — turned out to watch the Prairie Grove Homecoming parade as it went by our warehouse set on Mock Street. When you consider that they spent almost 30 minutes watching, on a budget of $8,000 an hour, it was a great tribute to Prairie Grove.

The weather was definitely getting colder as we moved to the Dobbs property on Cove Creek Road, south of Prairie Grove in late October. The scenes here were of the Battle of the Wilderness in 1864. The Wilderness was actually a dreary set of battles in which terrible casualties were suffered by both sides and many soldiers were burned to death when the woods caught fire. Actor Rip Torn was there to portray General Grant. I was pleased to find that he had really done his homework preparing for the part and was able to do a good job of debunking the myths of Grant as a swaggering, swearing sort of man. Rory Calhoun was there as General Meade in what I thought was the worst instance of miscasting in the entire picture. Calhoun looked and sounded nothing like Meade in my opinion.

We also did a "hillside battle" from McClellan's Peninsular Campaign on

Cove Creek and the extras, as usual, did a great job. Everyone on the crew thought the local boys who played the soldiers were more enthusiastic and did a much better job than professional extras in Hollywood. Since much of my job was training them, my admiration for their willingness and cooperation is boundless. I was also helped immensely by a small group of men from our local re-enactment unit, the Union Rifles, who came out and served as "drill sergeants" on days when I had too many troops to handle alone. Without the help of Chuck Van Alstine, Russell Pennington, Howard Brandes, and Larry Newton, my job would have been much more difficult.

The Kantz house on Highway 45 East of Fayetteville served as Jonas' and Mary's house. During a battle there, Mary is hit and killed by a stray shot. Like so many of the actors in the show, Julia Duffey (who plays Mary) was very serious about the technical aspects of her part. One afternoon we had quite a discussion about the Civil War "minie ball" and how it would feel to be shot with one. The occasion of Mary's death is a mounted cavalry battle, the Battle of Hanover Courthouse, which occurred during the Gettysburg Campaign. This was a wild melee with horses rearing, sabres clanging, and men falling to the ground between the horses' hooves. Most of the falls and other stunts were done by professionals. They were truly amazing. I saw them do a variety of dangerous acts during the filming, everything from falling off a railroad trestle into Beaver Lake, to having horses fall on them, to getting "blown up" by fake explosions. In the Wilderness sequence one stunt man dressed up in an asbestos suit so that a burning tree could fall on him. Another jumped from a burning wagon just as it exploded. But there was only one serious injury, a broken wrist suffered by a stunt man when a horse fell on him. In an action film of this kind, the lack of injuries is a tribute to the professionalism of the group.

From the Fayetteville area, we moved temporarily to the Beaver and Eureka Springs areas to use the steam trains there. At Beaver I first met Gregory Peck, who was to do a scene of Lincoln stopping at a train station on his way to Washington to assume the presidency. The Gettysburg Address scenes were to be filmed at the Circle H Farms on Highway 45 East of Fayetteville the next day. As I was checking over the script at Beaver, I found what I thought was a mistake in the text of the Address. In the script, the last line of the famous speech was "that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from **this** earth." I thought the last line should be "...shall not perish from **the** earth." Upon McLaglen's instructions, I made several phone calls to find out. Calls to the Lincoln Life Insurance Company Museum in Fort Wayne, Indiana and to the historian at the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D.C. (who read the last line of the address off the wall) proved me right. When I told Mr. Peck of the change in the script, he asked how I knew. I said "It's carved in granite that way in Washington, D.C." He chuckled and replied, "Well, I think **that** will be sufficient."

Other points of historical veracity were always coming up and every effort was made to assure accuracy. One scene even had to be re-shot when we realized that Rip Torn, as General Grant, had written a dispatch with his left hand. Grant was right-handed. Another problem arose over whether John should be working for *Harper's Monthly* or *Harper's Weekly Magazine*. Hugh

Benson had a letter from the present-day *Harper's Magazine* which insisted that the correct name at the time of the Civil War was *Harper's Monthly*. In reality, both magazines were probably in existence at the time, but *Harper's Weekly* was the bigger and most widely known in Civil War history. I finally convinced McLaglen of this when I found a reproduction copy of *Harper's Weekly* among the books in my boxes.

The train scenes at Beaver and Eureka Springs were among the most impressive filmed. McLaglen said he didn't know of another place in the country where you could find this many functioning steam locomotives in one place. The scenes involving balloons near Lake Weddington were also interesting, though frustrating because of high winds which kept postponing the ascents.

November was a slow month for me, spent mostly doing interior shots in buildings around Fayetteville and Cave Springs, many involving only main characters. I had only to check the script each day, and be on call in case a question came up. Some days I would sit for an entire day to be there at the right moment to answer one question. I kept amused by trying to keep warm, watching the filming when the set was uncrowded enough so I could get in, and getting acquainted with other members of the crew.

The Geyser farmhouse, which is acutally on the M&M Farms on Highway 112 north of Cave Springs, was our longest location at one spot, ten or twelve shooting days. The night we shot the burning of Jonathan's cabin was the coldest. The shooting didn't take place until almost midnight and the temperature was in the low 20's. When we finished, we had been in the cold for almost 14 hours. In another scene near Elkins, some soldiers are supposed to be swimming in the Chickahominy River in June, 1862. In reality, the scene was filmed in late November with the temperature near freezing. The men who did the scene were nearly blue when they came out of the water. Movie-making can be rough business at times!

One of the unsung heroes of the crew was Assistant Director Jonathan Zimmerman. Not generally mentioned in the press, he was part of the very heart of the operation. We worked closely in setting up the soldier and battle scenes. Like myself, he is a fan of old-time and bluegrass music, and we did our best to see that correct versions and instrumentation were used. The Ozark Folk Center at Mountain View helped with expert advice and even some of their dancers and musicians. My guitar and I got into the act when they asked me to do my rendition of "Tenting Tonight on the Old Campground" in a closing scene.

Toward the end of November, the action began to pick up again. We filmed the dismounted cavalry "Battle of Geyser Hill" at Cave Springs. This was followed by a move of two days to the Fort Gibson Stockade in Oklahoma for the scenes involving Rebel prisoners-of-war at Elmira Prison in New York. Finding enough skinny, starved-looking extras to play the prisoners proved to be a most difficult casting job. They had to go through thousands of applications and pictures to find enough men to play 150 prisoners.

Robert E. Lee's farewell to his troops after the surrender at Appomattox was done on a hillside west of the University of Arkansas. There was a press junket that day, and one of the visitors was William C. Davis, noted Civil War historian and former editor of *Civil War Times, Illustrated Magazine*. It

just so happened that we were using the cover of one of the *Civil War Times* issues to set up the shot, and when Mr. Davis arrived on the set, McLaglen was walking around with the magazine in his hand. Needless to say, Mr. Davis was duly impressed by our attention to "historical veracity."

Gregory Peck returned again in mid-December to do several more scenes. The scene with the cabinet during the discussion of the Emancipation Proclamation in 1862, as well as the April 14, 1865 cabinet meeting with General Grant (the morning of the assassination), were both filmed in the living room of Headquarters House in Fayetteville. Mr. Peck seemed quite impressed by the exhibits in the rear room of the house and asked several questions about the house, the Battle of Fayetteville, and about the Civil War in Northwest Arkansas. He seemed surprised to learn that Jonas Tebbetts, builder of the house, had been a staunch Union man.

The death scene of Lincoln at the Peterson boarding house was done in a set in the warehouse in Springdale, the set being an exact copy of the famous painting of the Lincoln death scene. The wallpaper in the painting was even reproduced. We then moved to the University campus in Fayetteville for the scenes of Lee and Grant at Appomattox, Lincoln and Jonas testing the Spencer carbine, and John at Willard's Bar. Although it was very cold by this time, hundreds of students and professors stood for hours to watch as Peck and Stacey Keach tested the new Spencer repeating carbine. Unfortunately, the carbine didn't know its part very well and kept jamming. It took more than twenty takes to get that shot, and between each take Peck had to have the special contact lenses (which made his eyes the same color as Lincoln's) removed to prevent permanent damage to his eyes.

The last scenes done were of Willard's Bar in Washington, D.C. (actually Carnall Hall at the University of Arkansas). After doing one last scene of soldiers marching by, my job was done, and I was warmed by a hearty "Well done!" from Director McLaglen.

During the course of four months from August to December, 1981, we shot approximately 450,000 feet of film over a period of 78 days of filming. There were over 8,000 takes and well over 5,000 people appeared in the movie. Overall, the relations between the crew and the people of Northwest Arkansas couldn't have been better. (There were a few exceptions, of course, such as the old farmer on the adjacent property at Cave Springs who wouldn't quit running his chain saw, even when we offered to pay him to do so.) For the most part, the people of the area went out of their way to make crew and actors feel welcome, sitting for long periods when traffic was stopped, opening their homes and property for use as sets, and sponsoring everything from dinner parties to fishing contests to entertain the crew on their off-days. The crew seemed to be genuinely touched by all this Southern hospitality and there were even a couple of men from California who became engaged to local girls. Several members of the crew and cast bought property in the area.

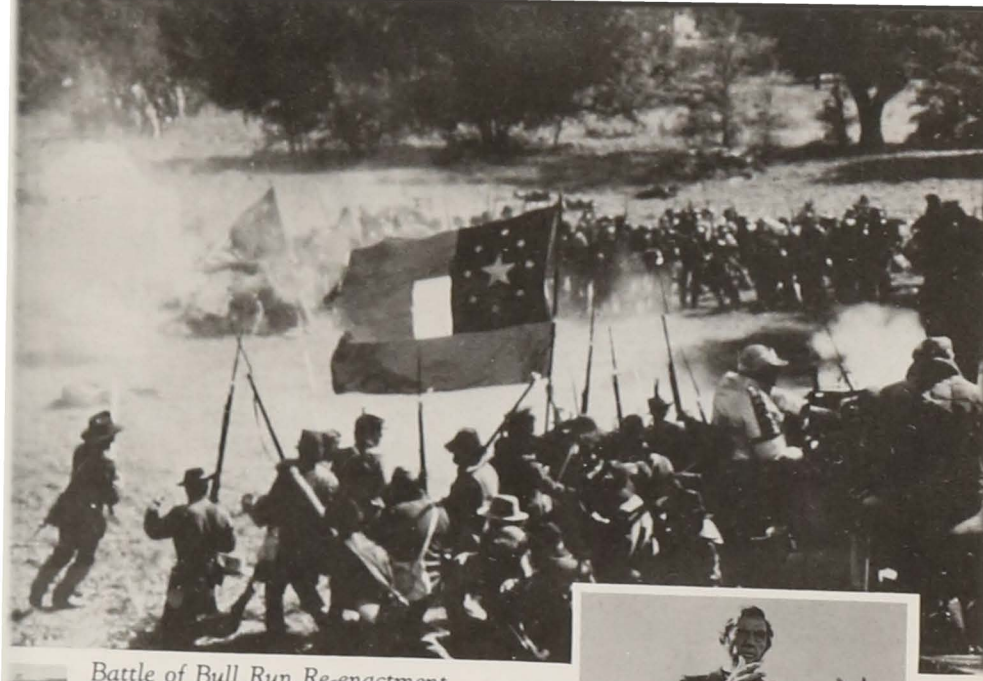
As for myself, I am thankful that I had the opportunity to be involved in an event which will do down in the history of Northwest Arkansas, and I shall always remember "The Blue and The Gray" as one of my greatest experiences.

Members of Cleburne's Command Re-enactors mostly from Tennessee

Re-enactment of Siege at Vicksburg
Bob Kidd Lake, West of Prairie Grove, Late Sept. 1981

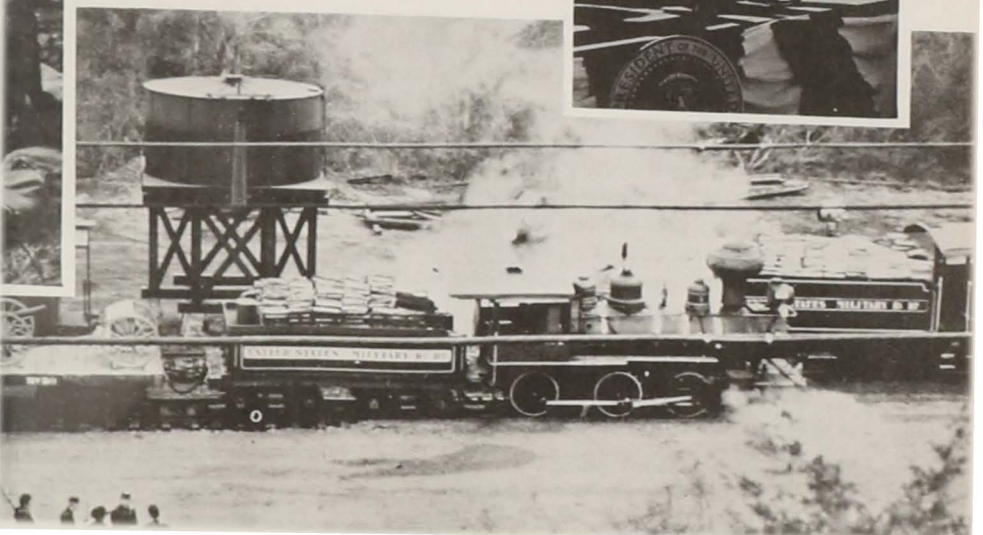
B/W Photos from Cal Kinzer's 35 mm color slides taken on locations

Steam Trains at Eureka Springs used to represent U. S. Military RR at Gettysburg



Battle of Bull Run Re-enactment
Prairie Grove State Park, October 2, 1981

Gregory Peck Delivering
Lincoln's Gettysburg Address
Circle H. Farms, Highway 45 East,
Fayetteville



DADDY TAUGHT SCHOOL

by Conrow Reed Miller

In these days of teachers' strikes when they demand higher salaries lighter teaching loads, and an assortment of other benefits, I am wonderin what my Dad, who was a pioneer teacher, would think. In his day, with a to salary of $30 a month and very abbre viated terms (usually three months i length), all of the janitorial work was his, as well as whatever recreational pro gram they had. He was the sole instructor for all grades. His school da started at eight and lasted until four or later. He would feel, I am sure, that th present generation of teachers is quite pampered.

Daddy was born in Fort Scott, Kansas, in 1873, the youngest of seve children. All but one of these had died before he was born. His mother passe away when he was twelve. After her death, grandfather Miller decided t move to Arkansas where he had a brother Shelton living near Charleston. H was no stranger to moving as he had come to Kansas from his native Middl Tennessee when he was a young married man.

This little caravan of two wagons, drawn by horses, made a tragic entranc into the Wonder State. They were about to cross the Arkansas over a newl constructed wooden bridge. As the entourage approached the middle span there was a horrible explosion, followed by smaller ones. It was not a barrag of gunfire, but the sounds were generated by the collapse of the central part o the bridge. When the debris settled, the extent of the disaster was revealed The horses were killed, all their worldly possessions were in the stream Robert (Daddy's sixteen-year-old brother) had his skull crushed whic resulted in his death four days later, and Daddy was found lodged betwee two girders which imprisoned his head. There was a deep gash across his chi where they held him. He carried this scar the rest of his life.

In a short time Grandfather Miller decided to get away from the area wher he had so many sad memories and to move into northwest Arkansas wher he had purchased a plot of land in the Lincoln area. It was there that m father continued the small schooling he had received in Kansas. These wer all one-room schools with nothing other than the eighth grade level. School were short and many teachers were inadequate. He did have one man wh stood out in his struggle for more knowledge. That was the late Bill Swift. H encouraged Daddy to read and acquire all the information he could. Perhap this spurred him on toward his goal of becoming a teacher.

At long last he felt he might be able to pass the examination for a teacher's license. He was delighted to come through this with a third grade certificate. This was the lowest they offered, but he could add a little income to his meager finances which consisted of the few dollars he had been able to amass from raising farm crops and selling them. He did get a three-month term and was launched on the career which he would follow for the next thirteen years. By dint of great perserverance and hard work, he finally had the funds to enter the normal school in Pea Ridge. He boarded in which is the old Elk Horn Tavern, which at that time had been taken over by a lady who operated it as a sort of men's dormitory. His roommates were the Pearson brothers, John and Clem. When he had completed two years of instruction, he was possessed of a first grade teacher's license, and two years of what later was declared college work. When the state department made an assessment of his courses, they granted him two years of college credit.

Now he was really started on his career of teaching! For the next thirteen years he spent the majority of his time in the classroom. All of his schools were mostly the one-room variety and his salary continued to be $30 monthly. Since the terms were all so brief, he was able to teach in two or more places in a single calendar year. He would often have what they called subscription schools. These were the schools where he solicited students and for which they paid a tuition fee. By practicing this method of employment, he was able one year to teach thirteen school months in that calendar year!

He married my mother, Evaline Reed, in 1992 and a year later I made my appearance. With a wife and child to support, his finances became extremely tight. Due to the lack of funds, he started casting about for something which would provide a larger income. In Cane Hill there was a very flourishing drug store. This had been established by A.R. Carroll and was said to sell an average of $10 worth of merchandise each day. Dr. J.L. Bean, who was a close family friend, persuaded my father to join him in purchasing this business. It took a considerable amount of borrowed money for Daddy to swing his part of the deal. After several years of operating the drug store, Dr. Bean sold his interest to J.R. Pyeatte. With the advent of Mr. Pyeatte, there arose the necessity of having a registered pharmacist in the firm. Since Daddy had been filling prescriptions for several years, he was sent to Little Rock to a school of pharmacy which offered a crash course designed to prepare students for the state examinations. Daddy at once immersed himself in the preparation and was one of a small number passing the state boards. As time passed, Cane Hill steadily declined. So did the drug business. Attempting to aid his income, Daddy took over the postmastership, putting the office in a corner of his store.

All through the years after forsaking the class room, he felt his decision had been wrong. He had never lost his love for all that teaching meant. Former students were always greeting him & telling him of benefits they had received from his instruction and how their memories of his influence remained vivid.

The political scene was changed now, and the Democrats were in power. As one would expect, this meant that the postmaster was changed to a member of the party. World War II was being fought, and the scarcity of teachers was acute. All who had any qualifications whatsoever were pressed into service. It

was with a feeling of relief that Daddy heeded the call and started his last ten years in the classroom. He first joined Lon Moore in the Morrow School and later was in the local school. He was completely happy. At 74, he finally retired.

This was of short duration. His pharmaceutical training was called on this time. He had kept his registration alive through all the years he was not actively a practicing pharmacist. The Dixon Drug Store in Lincoln was without a registered pharmacist and they persuaded him to come over there to serve in that capacity. After several more years of service, he actually did retire.

There was a teachers' retirement plan in operation now. This meant little to him, for the major part of his teaching had been done before there was such a system. It was only on the latter part of his tenure that he was able to qualify for the magnificent sum of $27 a month. With social security on his last stint in the drug store, he was able to collect another miniscule sum. With the excellent management of my mother and the supplement his children were able to supply, they managed to live quite comfortably. He died at the age of 84½ years and both he and his wife lie in the family plot in the Cane Hill cemetery.

In looking back over his long and fruitful life, there are a few things to be remembered. Among these was the moving reunion with which many of his old boys and girls honored him. They met at the old Fly Creek school where his early years had been largely spent, and asked him to preside as he had done on a typical school day. This included classes of all sorts and even a spelling match! Seldom had he enjoyed such an outpouring of affection, and he blossomed. This was really one of the biggest dividends he ever received.

They reminisced about such things as the marvellous discipline he had in the classroom. He did not avidly pursue the tenet of "spare the rod and spoil the child" but rarely used corporal punishment. He practiced private conferences and suggestions as to what was the good and proper route to follow. Family problems were often the cause of their troubles.

They recalled that he always opened the day with prayer and the singing of a hymn. Shades of Madeline Murray O'Hare! This brought into play two other facets of his interest. He was a devout Presbyterian and served as an elder in the Cane Hill church a great part of his maturity. He was also the superintendent of the Sunday School for 43 years. He and his father were ardent hymn singers. Daddy had gone to "singing schools" and mastered sight reading of shaped notes. With the aid of a tuning fork he led many groups *a capella* and often conducted singing schools on his own. Now and then he would have an assistant.

During his years in the drug store he was a perennial secretary of the school board.

With such an example before me, do you marvel that it was to the teaching profession I turned, and one in which I spent 43 years? Every day I give thanks for the wealth of having a good home and parents who actually assumed their responsibility with love and intelligence.

A partial list of schools where Daddy taught: Beatty, The Gem, Star Hill, Bellvue, Sugar Hill, Fly Creek, Mount Pleasant, Cane Hill, Morrow, Bethesda, Gray's Point, and Clyde.

THE OBENCHAINS IN ARKANSAS
Part II — Fayetteville

Father continued to have to work in Fayetteville, so Mother thought there was no use in our living in the country. We moved to Fayetteville and Father rented a house on Dickson Street. The John Gilberts who had lately moved to town from the Walnut Grove community lived across the street.

The house was a two-room frame building with a chimney at each end and an ell for a kitchen. There were two big catalpa trees in front of each room. On the west side was a garden spot, and beyond that the Molers lived. There was a field back of the house and beyond that Miss Clem Watson lived. A vacant lot was on the east side. In front of the yard was a two-plank sidewalk that led from College Avenue to the University grounds. The Jim Fergusons lived in a big brick house across the street from Molers'.

Zelah and I attended school at the Old Academy about a block west of the Square. I had a primer with ABCs on the front page. Later we went to school in the Odd Fellows' Hall and Masonic Hall.

May and Maud Obenchain were born May 1, 1875. I think Dr. Grace was the attending physician. He and Mrs. Gilbert took care of Mother and the babies. Mother cried when she was told there were two babies. She had clothes for only one, and didn't see how she could take care of two. Mrs. Gilbert was a real neighbor; she came every day, took care of the babies and helped make clothes for them.

Zelah quit school and took over the household duties, even doing the washing. I helped with the work, ironing the plain things and the diapers, and there was a stack of diapers.

There was much discussion about the names for the two. May for one, because they were born on the first day of May. For the other they wanted a name beginning with the same letter and having the same number of letters in it. Father suggested Mod and that seemed good. They were just alike, so one had to have a mark so we could know which name belonged to which. Twins were unusual in those days, so everybody in town came to see them, and students going to and from the college came in to see them. As Mother didn't have enough milk for two babies, we had to buy milk from an Ellis farmer who lived across the street from the Gregg home. I had to go after the milk every morning and it seemed a long way to go. Later we got milk from Miss Clem Watson. Finally Father bought a cow. Mother always fed her babies catnip tea.

Father worked at the University and got $2.00 a day for ten hours. He had to be at work by seven o'clock and quit at six. That didn't give much time at home. He put all the slate roofing on, even on the two big towers. He turned some of the big pillars that stand at the front entrance of Old Main. I remember the piles of rock in our yard that he cut off in shaping them. (Mr. Obenchain's initials — J.B.O. — are supposed to be on the steps of Old Main.)

Father always had bees. One day the bees swarmed so Mother sent me to tell Father. I wandered around in the big college trying to find him until a workman finally helped me. The old frame building was still being used as a college and every county was allowed so many students, called beneficiaries. They had to pay a matriculation fee and were enrolled for the four years.

Father took Zelah to school, paid the fee and got her enrolled. The second morning Zelah was late and perhaps had not read the rules. On entering she interrupted Professor Gates' class and was severely scolded as he was a strict, severe man and couldn't stand any disobedience. Zelah was so hurt she refused to go back to school. All the persuasion of both parents and friends was of no avail.

Father never liked to rent so found a place north of town for sale and bought it. It was owned by the Osbranders, a mother and daughter. It was a two-story frame building with a large living room, big kitchen across the hall and a smaller room by the entrance hall. A stairway in the entrance hall led to the upstairs which was not finished. There was a big front yard, all shaded by oak trees. There was a smokehouse not far back of the house, and two big fields, one north and the other south of the house. There was a cow lot north of the house and a place for a garden south of the house. About fifty feet down by the gate was a spring north of the house. To the east was a woods, and west across the road lived the Babbs, who proved to be good neighbors. He was a carpenter. Going from town, after leaving College Avenue, you had to go down a hill, across a branch, then up a hill and through a woods. It was a mile from town.

Mrs. Dickson and her daughter had a private school in their home on Dickson Street. Zelah and I went to this school. Sometimes Hugh Dinsmore who was a Congressman for that district and lived farther north on a little farm, would come along riding on his big horse and would pick me up and take me to school.

A little frame house stood just outside the south field. It proved to be a trouble spot, for undesirable women slept in and occupied it. So Father decided to tear it down and got Mr. Babb to help him. Artis went to watch them. Noon came. Father called Artis to come on to dinner. The men walked along, thinking Artis was coming along behind them. When Father came, Mother said, "Where is Artis?"

Father went to look for him, but he hadn't come down to the road. He went through the field to the old house, but no Artis there. No one stopped to eat dinner. Mr. Babb joined in the search. The men searched all afternoon, but could not find Artis. Zelah and I were notified at school and we hurried home. Finally the alarm was sounded and the town people and all the students at the University joined in the search. There were hundreds of lanterns in the woods. A covered wagon had gone by and it was feared he had been kidnapped so some men started on horseback to overtake the wagon. It was agreed a pistol would be fired three times if Artis was found. Near midnight a student found him asleep in a pile of leaves not far in the woods. They brought him to Mother and laid him in her lap. Mr. VanHoose, a wealthy citizen, gave him a big marble he had found in the search and a silver dollar.

There was great rejoicing. The horseback riders did not get very far. Artis was dressed in a tan linzey dress and that made it hard to find him among the leaves. He was about four years old. It turned cold and frosted that night. Artis was always afraid of the woods after that.

Father used to haul timber from the barn down to the house to build a shop in the corner of the cow lot next to the yard and the street. About a mile farther north was a big camp meeting shed. People came and camped there to attend religious services. A big spring furnished water. The Sheldons lived not far away on the other end of the road. Out near this camp meeting shed many walnuts grew. Father would take the wagon and come home with the wagon bed full. Then the big job was to get them hulled and dried. We would have nearly two barrels and we stored them in the shop. On winter Sunday afternoons, Father and all the children who wanted them would crack tin plates full and sit by the fire and eat them. We used horse shoe nails for picks.

In Fayetteville, Decoration Day was a great day. On this May day, Zelah was chosen to represent the South and there was another maid for each southern state. Zelah stood up in the middle of a float, the maids surrounding her. She stood under a Southern flag, dressed in white with her long hair hanging down her back. The parade went along College Avenue, around the square, down the hill to the Southern Cemetery on the south part of East Mountain. Those of the surrounding country who fell in battle for the Southern cause were buried here. Flowers were put on the graves and prominent men spoke. There were no autos then, and the vehicles were pulled by horses. Miss Sue Walker was a prominent member of the Southern Society. The Walkers lived not far from the cemetery. Her brother, Vol Walker, was a prominent lawyer in Fayetteville.

Unfortunately, many parts of this story are undated, so it is difficult to tell when these events took place. At any rate, the whole family went to Virginia around 1877 to settle the estate due Mrs. Obenchain from her father. They were gone one year, driving a wagon, camping en route and visiting all the relatives in Virginia.

When we returned to Fayetteville we found we had no home. Father had mortgaged home and cows to get the wagon, team, camping outfit, and money for the trip. We had been gone longer than we expected and the mortgage had come due. It was rumored we were not coming back, so Jim Ferguson, who held the mortgage, sold all to pay the mortgage.

Mother had received $800 for her share of her father's estate, so we could have satisfied the claim, but Ferguson was not a man to take chances so he did not wait. Father tried to buy the place back from the man who bought it, but he would not sell. However, he let us have the cows.

Father rented the Crow place and we moved in. It was down the hill, across the branch and nearer the city. We didn't stay there long. Father found a man named Crump who had a home he wanted to sell so he could go to Texas.

Father traded Crump the camping outfit and team for the home on Spring Street, a narrow, rocky street leading from College Avenue to East Mountain, about three blocks from the square. The house was a story-and-a-half frame building with a long porch on the front, and a fireplace in the west room.

Judge Mullins lived in a big white house above, and a vacant lot was below. Father bought the vacant lot and our land extended to the alley back of us. The Knights lived across the street and the Neelys below them. They were mad at Crump for selling to us as we were poor and there was a gang of children. Mrs. Knight informed us that she stayed in her own yard and expected us to stay in ours.

The Neelys had a half-grown son and the Knights had a son and a daughter. Mr. Knight was an insurance collector and was away from home most of the time.

The Nixes lived below the Neelys on a street that ran north and south and they, too, had a gang of children.

As this was to be our home, Mother and Father planted things they had brought from Virginia — the chestnut tree and the damson plums. Father had a rock wall built in front and filled in the front yard so it was level. He used the dirt they had dug to make a cellar under the east room in which the milk and butter was kept nice and cold. He fenced in the cow lot and built a large barn with three stalls and a big loft. He put a paling fence around the garden and put an orchard in the lot he had bought.

Father built a chicken house on the southeast corner of the cow lot and nearby, on the other side of the fence, was the outside toilet. Fayetteville had no water or sewerage system then. East of the house he built a smoke house, really a store room with a storage loft. It was set on a rock foundation that was high at the back but only one step next to the house. It was filled in with dirt to make a level floor.

There was no water on the place. For a time we got water at the Knights' well, but something went wrong. We had many barrels and caught water for washing and other things, but had to carry water from the big spring at the foot of East Mountain. It was a long way down a hill, across the branch and part way up a hill. It was a big spring and much water poured from it. A few times we had to carry water from the spring to help with the washing.

Mr. Henry, for whom Father had worked when they were building the University, had bought the foundry over southeast of town and he gave Father work there. Both Mr. and Mrs. Henry were large people, and Mrs. Henry always had two large curls hanging down on each side of her face. They had no children. Mother sold them butter and I carried it to them.

The Reynolds lived nearby, north of the spring. There were several boys in the family — very bad boys. Ettis and Artis were afraid of them. Some distance south of the spring lived Aunt Sallie Silvers. That is what everybody called her. A niece and nephew lived with her. She had lived there during the war and suffered many hardships. She hated Powell Clayton who had been appointed Governor of Arkansas.

On the first bench above the spring, Judge Pitman lived in a big stone house. Negroes lived on the south part of the mountain and across the branch below.

Father had a well dug. A long wooden tubing guided the long, narrow bucket down into the drilled hole. The bucket had a valve in the bottom. The tubing extended about two feet above the covering over the well and had a lid to cover it. The bucket was let up and down by a pulley and windlass. When the bucket was drawn, it was set up in a little trough that had a big peg in it. That pushed the valve open and released the water. The well was at the back of the house near the garden fence.

Mother had a big garden. Red and black currants were planted along the garden fence, also red and black raspberries. A row of gooseberries was planted down near the middle of the garden. Mother planted bunch peas and stick peas. She used brush to stick the peas. Insects did not bother. The ground was rich and things grew well. She sold vegetables for we had more than we could use. People did not know about canning vegetables. There were no deep freezers or refrigerators then, no manufactured ice, no electricity. We used lamps and lanterns. The negroes bought many onions, radishes and mustard greens. Mother sold butter and buttermilk, too, and used the money she got for these and vegetables to buy clothes for us. I delivered radishes to the Mountain House as I went to school. The Baums came from College Avenue to buy peas because they liked the peas Mother raised.

I went to school at the Masonic Hall, just a block south of the square. The Blakleys lived across the street and were very kind to us children. The Masons had their room upstairs.

Uther Obenchain was born June 5, 1878. Dr. Pollard, a white-haired man was the attending physician. Mrs. Neely, our neighbor, helped. Zelah took charge of the household affairs and did the work. I think that was the morning the Van Winkle Hotel burned. It was a big frame building on a business street entering from the square to College Avenue. The blaze lighted up all that part of town, but firemen managed to control it so nothing else was burned. Dr. Pollard lived on the street back of the hotel.

At the foundry, Father some way caught his hand in some of the machinery and the ends of his first two fingers on the right hand were cut off. He had a doctor dress it and bind it up. The next day he was back at work.

The Baptists had no house in which to worship, so held church in a rented hall. Father and Uncle Johnny Mayes began a campaign to build a church house. They succeeded and soon had a good-sized frame building painted white on College Avenue. The Baums lived on one side and Mrs. Crockett and her on on the other side in a little brick house. Next was the Davies home, a big white house. He was a Presbyterian minister and next to his house was the Presbyterian Church. Across College Avenue was the Tournigan home and two other homes, and then the alley that ran down behind Judge Mullens' and our place. Next to the alley was a Christian Church, a brick house. Next to it was the Van Winkle home, and then the Van Heese home on the back

lots behind the Christian Church. Then there were two more homes. Var Heese had an apple orchard with a light boarded fence around it so the bac boys could not get his apples.

It was said Father built the Baptist Church. Uncle Johnny Mayes was th pastor and continued so until he was too old to preach. Father was a deacon.

The public schools did not last longer than three months, so Father sent u to private school. At one time the Clines taught in the Baptist Church, and one time we attended a private school in the Christian Church. Shepherd was the teacher. Ulah, Ettis, Artis and I were all in that school. Fire broke out in the Nixon home. It caught our roof and burned a hole in it, but only the Nixon home burned. One time there was school in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, two streets west from College Avenue.

We started to school there, but I got sick and didn't go any more that year. Ulah, Ettis and Artis went. The doctor said I had slow fever. It was slow for I was in bed nearly all winter. Finally I could sit up and eat, but my legs swelled and I had to bathe them in salt water. Zelah was sick, too, but she soon got well. The doctor said one lung was affected, but he must have been mistaken for she was a very strong, healthy girl and lived a long time.

Old man Henry sold the foundry, so Father had no job. He opened up a shop to make and repair wagons and buggies. The shop was on the street which came down behind the Mountain House and Jennings' livery stable and joined College Avenue.

The Willis family moved to Fayetteville from Paducah, Kentucky. With them was a young man, William Pitts, who was an adopted son of Mrs. Willis' sister. He did not know anything about his relatives. Mr. Willis and the Pitt man opened a grocery store on Smokey Row. It was called Smokey Row because there had been so many fires in that section. It was a short street from the square to College Avenue and was in front of the Mountain House. All the young girls had their eyes on William Pitts. Here was a young man worth capturing. He was supposed to have money. Billy Pitts began paying attention to Zelah. He was older than she, but that made no difference to her. Angie Mayes was interested in Billy, too. She was Uncle Johnny Mayes' daughter nearer Billy's age. Finally Billy asked Father for Zelah, the wedding date was set and preparations begun. Mother and Zelah made all except the dress and she had a dressmaker make it of gray silk and wool goods.

Father gave Mother a set of silverware for Christmas and Zelah a set of silver teaspoons for a wedding gift. They were married in our home on December 26, 1879. Zelah was only 19. It was decided they would stay with us until they got their house built. Father gave them a strip of ground on the lower lot and helped them build a two-room house facing Spring Street. I think this was in place of the mountain home he had told Zelah she could have some years before.

The house finished, Billy and Zelah moved in and started housekeeping. The Willis' sold their grocery store and moved to Eureka Springs. Billy went to work in a butcher shop. After a time Billy went to Eureka Springs which had begun to grow around the healing water in the springs. People went there

in every kind of conveyance and it soon was a tent city. It was founded in early 1879 and soon houses, hotels and stores were established. Many people went there for work.

Zelah came up and stayed with us after Billy had gone. She was expecting him home so on Saturday she cleaned up the house and put everything in order.

Sunday was a blustery March day. In the evening it began to cloud up and look stormy. Father came in from church and Mother asked if it was going to storm. He told her the clouds were breaking away and he did not think it would storm. Just then a strong wind blew open the north door and broke in the north window. Mother grabbed the cradle tick and held it against the window. The rain was pouring down hard but we could hear people screaming. As soon as the rain slackened we went out on the front porch and could see by the lightning that Zelah's house was gone and people were screaming everywhere. Father got his lantern and went out to help.

Next morning we found a barrel of ashes that had been in the garden near a full barrel of water that had been behind the house, sitting down in the field, not a bit spilled out.

Zelah's house was upside down in the street. The house across the street from hers was not damaged, nor was the Nix house, but the one behind the Nix house was all gone but the floor and a bed in which had been a woman with a newborn baby. The house across from it was wrecked and a woman was killed. The rest of the houses in that section and along the branch were all blown away, as were all houses on East Mountain — not even a plant was left.

The Pitman home and the Reynolds' home, and Aunt Sallie Silver's were left standing.

The Glass Hotel on the southwest corner of the square was wrecked, and Mrs. Glass was killed by falling brick. Mr. Glass took refuge under a stairway and was not hurt.

From here the cyclone skipped to the east side and damaged some of the stores — took the top off of the Baum store. Then it skipped over many buildings and spent its fury along the branch on East Mountain.

Great sheets of tin hung in the trees in the little grove not far below us. Billy and Zelah got their house up out of the street and back on the foundation, with windows and doors fixed, but they had no furniture. It was all broken, and dishes, too.

About this time, the first train was coming to Fayetteville. Many people living in Fayetteville and in the nearby country had never seen a train, so a crowd was expected to see it come in. The Frisco had built a road from Springfield. It did not come to the present depot, but to a temporary depot about a mile farther north in a grove where it was level. They had to make a big cut through a hill to reach the present depot.

Billy decided to have a stand and sell eats and drinks. Mother and Zelah cooked cakes, bread, pies and meats for the stand. There was a big crowd and Billy did well with his stand.

Soon after this Billy and Zelah left for Eureka Springs by stagecoach, for

there was no train to Eureka Springs. Mother didn't want Zelah to go for she was soon going to need her and felt hurt to think Zelah would leave her at this time.

One evening a very black cloud came up in the North and everyone hurried home. Father locked up his shop and started for home, but he had to find shelter in a blacksmith shop on the corner before he got to our street. It was a hail storm. The hail came down thick and fast and broke out all the windows in all the buildings and knocked holes in the roofs. It piled up several inches on the ground and we had hail for many days. It turned cold and we had to have a fire. It broke the slate roofs on the tower at the University so they asked Father to repair them. It seemed he was the only one who knew how to put on slate. The damage to Fayetteville was almost equal to the cyclone.

Eugene Obenchain was born April 21, 1881. Dr. Wood was the attending doctor and either Mrs. Nix or Mrs. Neely assisted. Having a nurse was unknown in that day. I was young and inexperienced but Mother told me how and I managed to wait on her and get the meals. Father got Ann Rich, an old negro, to come and do the washing.

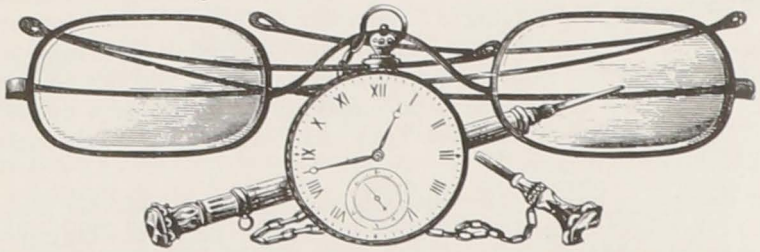
Eugene was a good baby, a happy little red-headed boy. Ettis had white hair, Artis had black hair, and Uther had real dark brown hair.

Father had trouble with his bowels. he went to Dr. Wood but couldn't get relief. He went to the toilet and sat there a long time, but just strained. He was careful about his eating; nothing seemed to help him. He had become so weak he could not carry on, so he sold the shop and moved the material to the barn loft. Then he left, I suppose for Eureka Springs. He got to Seligman and there met a druggist who said he could cure him. The druggist said little tiny worms had infested father's bowels, and he began to treat him. Soon Father was better and finally cured.

A railroad was being built from Seligman to Eureka Springs, and Father got work with the railroad and continued until it entered Eureka Springs. There was much work to be done. A depot had to be built and a shop and roundhouse, as well as a freight depot and other things.

Father came home often, but he was afraid to come back to Fayetteville to live for Fayetteville was to blame for his trouble with his bowels. Fayetteville had no sewerage system then and most people had wells. Outside toilets and slop thrown out on the ground was bad for the wells.

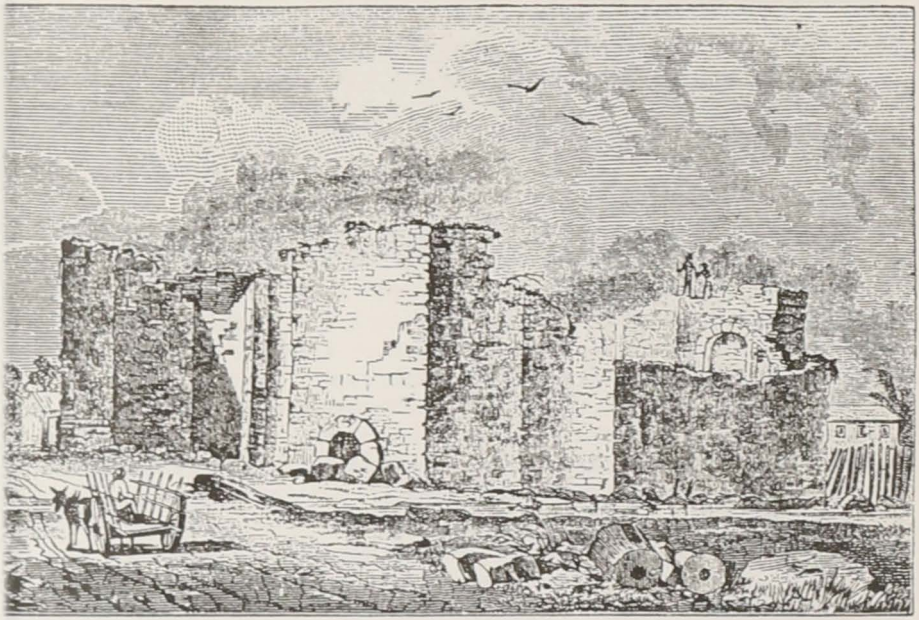
The Editors beg our Readers to Watch for Timely Articles.



It is YOUR Contributions that make FLASHBACK.

BILL CUSH'S TREK TO TEXAS - Part 4

by Pat Donat



SAN ANTONIO DE BEXAR, WITH THE ALAMO, WHERE THE LAMENTED CROCKET FELL.

Monday, 5th January

Started before daylight and went to an old camp two miles from Sevilla. Here we got our breakfast.

On, on — as we drew nearer San Antonio I rode ahead and soon after I saw the buildings of the city loom up through the western sky. Here I was gazing on a scene that I had imagined for years before. There rises the Alamo — There it is! Even if Death would strike me now, mine eyes have beheld the Alamo — a place my heart has longed to see since Crockett's spirit has hallowed the spot. In a little while I passed beneath the wallas and my heart leapt up as I looked upon them.

I was in a new land — new to me. But old to the world. Old! Two hundred years ago — and back to that age? Here are the houses where dwelt the people of those days. I need not attempt to describe the town, the river winding, the streets narrow, two public squares, an old church, ruined buildings, battered walls, street gazing women as everywhere else, and dirty lazy-looking men.

I found Franklin Paschal and Mr. Brewer. Went to two Fandangoes at night. Their Mexican girls are prettier than the same quantity of American girls that my grey eyes have ever seen.

Tuesday, 6th January

Went down to the river and jumped in. Jesus! How cold! Knocked around and at night went to the Fandangoes again. Went up to Paschal's several

times and chatted very agreeably with him.

Went and saw my mule attended to. He's fattening, darn his little soul.

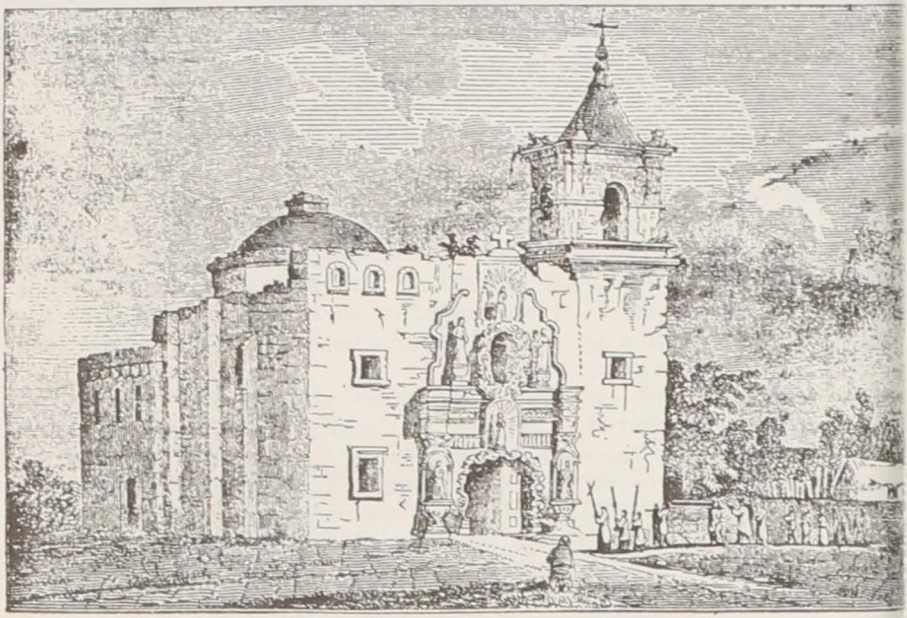
Wednesday, January 7th

William Duvall came in from camp to see me; he has grown considerably and seems to be perfectly au fait in Texas ways.

In the evening he and My Paschal and myself visited the two missions below here. We went to the taller one first. It is a majestic building rising out of the wilderness like some castle in an Eastern tale.

Whew! I stood before it and saw it standing bold and almost perfect in its general contour. I could not but feel that the spirits of a hundred years ago were lingering around it. But when I viewed it closer and saw the marks of war upon its face I thought I could see the — army of the Spaniards in their work of desecration; here was a broken cross, there a disfigured statue and bruises of cannon balls and perforations of smaller arms.

We entered through a small door on the south side and ascended a flight of narrow wooden steps to the gallery on the inside. We then stood facing the altar below us which was in keeping with the rest of the building. We went upon the roof. Prickly pears, shrubs and grass were growing around and here as well as everywhere else we saw the marks of time and violence. We sat and gazed for a long time and then descended again to the gallery.



CHAPEL OF SAN JOSE.

Here, as we stood in silence, I almost fancied that I heard the voice of one speaking the accents that had marked the life of the inmates of the walls. The

bigoted priest and the guilty nun stood before us — we heard the whispers of passion from the one and the half-frighted "Do not" of the other and a voice from the cells in the rear came to the aid of the hypocritical man of God, who beneath the pass of religion overcame the natural power of virtue.

We descended the same steps we went up and then went out to the wall about a hundred yards southward where I took a drawing of the building. From the date on the belfry it is sixty-four years old, being built in 1781.

After thoroughly viewing everything about the premises we proceeded to visit Concepcion Mission, two or three miles nearer the city. It is perhaps a better state of preservation than San Jose but does not equal it in size or beauty.

Mr. Paschal has been exceedingly agreeable all the morning and is really an intelligent man.

Thursday, 8th January

No events to mention this memorable day. Went with Mr. Harper, it was to Paschal's but remained there only a short time.

At night Wm. Duval and myself went to two fandangoes and cut up some tall shines. I betted a little while at --- and came out about even. I noticed a Mexican who after losing a time or so, crossed himself and went to dealing again.

Oh how fatally beautiful are some of the little Mexican girls. When I look up, their dark eyes that roll in liquid love, my heart leaps with joy at beholding such unparalleled beauty but sinks almost as soon when I know that the loveliness I behold fans the passion that is to conquer it with lust. I would to heaven that I could speak a warning and teach them the sentiments of virtue that I believe exist in my own land. But I cannot. The fetters of ages are upon them.

Tonight I became acquainted with the celebrated Tom Hancock. He is Tom Hancock and nobody or nothing else — the strangest genious I ever met. He is bold and "don't care" in his ways, but agreeable enough. He was next to me in a reel at the Fandango and danced in moccasins. He said he had better things than them there moccasins but he liked 'em. Just at that moment Wm. Duval came up and introduced me to him and I found that I had been talking sometime with the renowned Tom Hancock.

Friday, 9th January

A norther is blowing today. I did not jump in the river this morning. Played two games of billiards and got beat. The Spanish student, Harper, and Lyon are making rapid strides — it takes me all I can do to keep up with them without studying.

Saturday, 10th January

It has been tolerably cool all day.

Lyon, Wright, Trumbull and myself and Wm. Duval took a walk to the graveyard. On entering the gate through the wall that encloses it, we saw a

large pile of sculls on a tomb. We found them shot — showing the marks o the hand-fighting that had been done here in early times. There were a good many new graves telling that people do not dry up and blow away as reported abroad.

Note: Back in Van Buren Quesenbury's former trail mates were getting closer to home. The Arkansas Intelligencer reported January 10, 1846: "We have been informed that a portion of Prairie Party of Cherokees had arrived at Fort Towson, the others having taken a different route and were waited for by those at Towson. They are expected daily.

"Since the above was in type Jack Bell has come in with nine of the party; the others having taken a different route to visit some friends in Texas; and may be expected in in a few days. Bell's party look fat and hearty and have left for home. They left Fort Smith in September last; passed Fort Washita, proceeded to the head waters of the Colorado, going as far as the Rio San Sabe; there took a southern course and returned by way of Fort Towson. They met several tribes of wild Indians but were treated very cordially by them. It is very amusing to hear Jack Bell tell of his first dinner with the Commanche Chief Buffalo Army. The dinner consisted of Buffalo meat; pecans and honey; the pecans served for bread and they eat the honey by chewing the end of a switch till it was reduced tc fine splinters and dipping it in and licking it. The party were warned particularly before they met him to be on their guard lest this party should attack them, but so soon as they learned that they were Indians they were welcomed in true "Injin" style. Our friend Quesenbury who went out with the party left them in Texas and will return by the way of New Orleans. The party were anxious to get on to their homes in the nation and have promised further particulars in a short time. They represent the country they visited as a good one."

Sunday, 11th January

(Very faded). We brought Wm. Duval to the Campers camp. My mule go away *(eight lines faded)* directly in my face. Became acquainted with Clervallis and found him a real romantic but *(ten lines faded).*

On the 11th Mr. Pashal and myself went to the hills east of town and found them. I took a view of *(21 lines faded).*

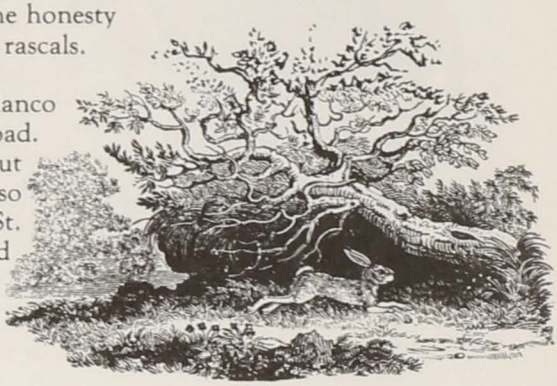
On the first day of February 1846 Wm. Duval and myself left San Antonio for Fort Smith. We got a late start. Our mules were fresh and traveled well but we did not get to Dutch Town till an hour after night. We had delayed some little time on the way killing a deer and taking a sketch.

February 2d

Went to the Guadalupe. It was too deep to ford. Jess Chisholm and party were there. We joined them. Ferried and went as far as York's Creek, eight miles. Camped near the Tongue's. At night I amused myself by teaching the squaws English. Found that I had left my saddle bags at the Guadalupe.

February 3d

Went back after my saddle bags. Found them at the ferry just where I had left them. This speaks well for the honesty of Texas with her fifty thousand rascals.



We saw when we got to the Blanco that we had taken a wrong road. Accordingly we struck west but stopped after going a mile or so above its junction with the St. Marks on account of the fine wild rye. Some turned out to hunt. Jess killed a turkey, I a rabbit.

February 4th

Something came last night and stole a turkey from above our heads when we were sleeping.

Started and travelled easily all day in a steady rain. Passed the live oak spring where the two Dutch men were killed. Then we passed Marshall's and after a short ride got to Onion Creek. There were some Caddoes before us. We went nearer the Creek and camped. Got some bread from an old woman. Got a good fire built and turned our animals across the creek.

February 5th

Rained tremendously last night. Onion Creek is swimming. That's bad (for) we've nothing to eat. But Jess Chism went out about ten (miles) and brought in a large buck. This, with what we got from the old Caddo woman is tolerable good living.

Lewis and Stud went over and took a look at our horses.

February 6th

Crossed Onion Creek and got to the Colorado just below Austin. Camped in old Stone's clearing. Two Lipans are with us — and a squaw.

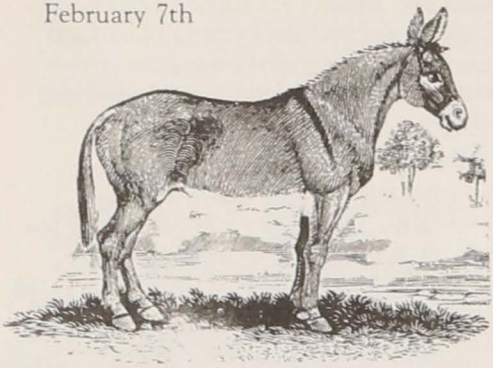
Wm. Duval traded his mule this morning with one of his old comrades for a racking Spanish Stud.

Two other chaps are also with us, a man by the name of Chambers is one of the two.

Wm. and myself went over and got some coffee and bread in Austin. There were some drunken street loafers who made some remarks about our carrying a big pone of bread. We said nothing to them.

Saw Maj. Beall and one officer's sons. Crossed the river and went out some five or six miles in the prairie to the left of the road. Here we staid all night.

February 7th



My mule took a notion to run back to Austin, so Lewis says, who went out after the horses. Wm. Duval and George C — amused themselves *(two words crossed out)*. Wm. D. and *(remainder of sentence blocked out)*. Jess Chisholm and myself went back for Tom. Found him with the Ranger's horses. Caught him and overtook our crowd just before they got to Brushy.

Bought a little something to eat from Capt. ---'s wife, also got a copy of Kerr's poem on Texas from her.

Overtook Jess and the others a mile or so from the San Gabriel. Camped.

February 8th

Took a sketch soon after we started on the S. side of the San Gabriel. Got dreadfully bothered at Willie's Creek, and was two or three hours getting back to the company.

Just before we got into Little River bottom we met two Kentuckians from Oldham Co. They were going to Austin.

Just about dark we got finally into the wild rye in Little River bottom and camped for the night.

February 9th

Laid by. Little River high, all hands hunted. Mr. Cambers, who we left at the Colorado came up and staid all night with us.

February 10th

Got to Little River and there was no canoe. I hired a scamp to go up and bring the canoe down. He was gone about five minutes. We ferried our saddles and packs over and swam the mules and horses.

Got a little --- from Maj. Bryant.

Met Brown, a gambler, in the prairie, two miles from Bryant's in company with a fiddler from Ft. Smith.

In three or four hours ride we met Bill Mussett and some others. Chatted a while with them. The seven miles from Bryant's to Elm Creek are tolerably long, or rather intolerably.

We got to Elm Creek just at dark. Everything wet. It has rained hard all day. There has not been a moment's interruption.

February 12th

Laid by. Kelly, Bryant, Randolph and some others came to our camp today

on their way to Austin. They were drinking and had just swam a sluice about a half a mile off. They stopped and took a cup of coffee with us. We heard them coming a long time. Elm Creek swimming as they went over.

February 13th

Started and had to swim the sluice that Randolph and his company swam yesterday. We cut trees across and packed our affairs over. Went some ten or fifteen miles up Elm Creek. In the evening later I spied some buffalo over on a rise on the prairie. Several of us went over. We took our stands, as they were travelling, and waited for them to come to us. They wouldn't do it, for some of them concluded to lie down, just out of gunshot. Jess Chisholm banged away and broke one's shoulder. We all then ran to our mules and took after it. Wm. Duval brought it down after Jess had missed it when (within) in about ten feet of its head.

February 14th

Travelled today. George --- and myself went ahead to kill buffalo but George was too cowardly to creep close enougth.

Jess Chisholm came up and soon afterwards Wm. D. and myself went off to the right after a drove that we saw. Shot a time or so, and started for the trail, we couldn't find it. Started on the back track but gave it up on account of a great gang of Indians we saw coming toward us over a hill. We were making for timber when we met a Caddo who put us in the right trail. We saw a smoke ahead and made for it. Crossed the worst bottom I think I was ever in. It is the same we crossed a month or so since going from the Colorado. When we reached the burning prairie the trail could not be followed. We gave it out. I determined to strike for the old Waco village. Night began to come on. The deer would come close to me and let me shoot at them but I had the buck ague and couldn't shoot straight.

At length, wearied out, we determined to sleep. We had nothing to eat — not a thing. Soon we came to the top of a hill and looked over and beheld a valley of timber (a) hundred yards from us. We concluded we would give a whoop just for experiment and our company answered — not over a hundred and fifty yards from us.

Now we are both glad and hungry, after a good supper the latter went away.

February 15th

We had not got far this morning before we saw some coons up a big oak. After fumbling around the tree a while I killed one — Jess tied it to his saddle. It seemed a long way to the Brazos today. We saw buffalo and wild honey aplenty but we were too keen to get on to trouble them. The sun was an hour or so high when we got to the Brazos. It was too deep to ford. We could do nothing but wait till morning and then make rafts. Never were we in higher spirits. I was so certain of meeting some acquaintances on the morrow that, well, I couldn't get to sleep. Neither could Stud. I was so much taken with the

idea of seeing some of my friends on tomorrow that I couldn't get my eyes shut. I was dreadfully tickled too at a dreadful scent that was smelt tonight in camp. All hands agreed that Lewis had it on his blanket. Lewis threw it off on to the coon guts, but the scent got worse. George was certain that a dead man was close by. Wm. Duval couldn't drink his coffee for it. Jess thought it was a snake burning in a log in the fire. Stud split the log open and found no snake. It was at last agreed that it was nothing but an old cottonwood log or chunk. I couldn't get to sleep and when at length I became sleepy the others wouldn't let me know to sleep. I reckon I got about two hours rest. Stud and some of the others never closed their eyes.

February 16th

We all went to work to make rafts. Wm. Duval and myself made one together, but it wouldn't hold both of us. Wm. jumped off. I started over and I thought I never would land. When I got to where I found it was shallow enough to wade I jumped out. The water was freezing cold. I fastened the old raft to (the) beach and took our saddles off. Stud, in the meantime, had made two other trips. George, A.W., Wm. Lewis and some others came over on horses. Wm. D. and myself started down to Butler's camp. On our way we met Wm. Coody. He turned and went back with us. Staid till near night and Coody went up to the Cherokee village with us.

From the 16th till the 24th of February we remained at the Cherokee village on the Brazos. Sometimes we would visit the Treaty men and sometimes we would hunt. On the whole we would have fared well, except (for) the gnawing desire we continually had to start for home.

February 24th

Wm. D., Geo. Baird, Lewis, Bill Spaniard, Daniel Ross and myself found ourselves once more on our journey home. Hardin Duval came out with us a couple of miles and remained all night. We are but poorly fixed for travelling. We've no frying pan — but we've a large old broken oven which is itself a heavy load for a mule. Hardin sang, and as we had plenty to eat ourselves and plenty of good grass for our horses, we were perfectly happy.

February 25th

Hardin went back — we, ahead. Struck the Trinity road six or eight miles from the Nauosot's waters. Travelled well. A norther blew up later in the evening. We are here where the Cherokees camped on the 4th of October.

The wind became intolerably cold. Our fire was blown about in every direction — but Geo. A. said he was warm as a toad; Bill Spaniard said a toad wasn't warm.

February 26

Lewis, Bill S. and Daniel Ross went on to Ash Creek to strike camp. The wind was plumb in our faces. I never felt it so cold — not half so cold before.

Well, when Geo., Wm. and myself got to Ash Creek I thought I saw tracks of those in advance going on. We camped down in the bed of the creek — it affording better protection from the wind.

Just before night I shouldered my Yager and walked out. I came across an old buffalo bull. I snapped at him (but) as he seemed snappish too, I shouldered my gun and walked back.

February 27

In the course of an hour or so Bill Spaniard came to our camp. Glad were we to be deceived. We all packed up and went down. They had a tremendous gobbler roasting and we all fell to work.

Geo. A. got lost in about a hundred yards of our camp.

Fine range and good hunting around; what more could we want for a short time. The wild rye is half a leg high. The wind can't touch us — what more do we want?

February 28th and last

Laid by. Some hunted; some slept; some tinkered and some — nothing.

March 1st

Bill S. and Daniel Ross left us. We are glad of it. The norther still blows freezing cold. Our horses fare well. Bill and Daniel left a tin cup. We needed just one more.

March 2nd

I went out this morning and killed a parcel of turkies. I saw another dangerous bull. Some buffalo hunters came and camped with us, or close by. One of them is the biggest fool a-going, and the other has still less sense.

March 3rd

Something stole some turkies last night. Lewis and myself went down to the creek to hunt for some small buffalo horns I threw down when I was running turkies. After a long search Lewis found them.

Wm. D. and Lewis have gapped the hatchet terribly cutting off horns.

This evening the scaffold, which the buffalo hunters had built all fell to the ground. Their meat was nearly ruined. We all laughed loudly at the misfortune of our fellow man. At night we were entertained by Back-wood's ballads sung by the buffalo hunter.

March 4th

Struck out once more. Limpy was along. Camped at Chambers Creek. Bad range. Got some bread at Mill Creek.

March 5th

Got a frying pan and a little coffee from Stowe. Patsey Bone (?) was there. I was glad to see her. Stowe charged me a dollar and a half for the frying pan.

The wind continued to blow cold and we could stand it no longer. Turned off the road at the far prong of the Waxahatatchee and camped in the thicket. Limpy went on. Caught a possum.

March 6th

Some of the horses lost. Lewis found them off in the prairie about a mile. Wm.D. and me were on the track.

Got to Red Oak. Bought bread from a man's table, all he had for ten cents, today. The old woman was mad.

There is a considerable settlement forming about here.

March 7th

Within a few miles of the Trinity we saw a man minding sheep. Lewis took his place and he let us have some sugar. Met a couple of chaps in the bottom who were going to Butler's camp.

When we got to Trinity Ferry and saw the boat we concluded we would go up to the ford. The boat was made of three canoes planked over. Crossed the Trinity. Stopped for the night on the bank of a small lake in the bottom. Sent up to Cedar Spring for something to eat. They would let us have nothing. We were determined not to starve. I fired at a pig only a few steps off and missed clear. Wm. D. killed a large fine barrow. Just as he shot, a man came to our camp and took a seat. We were hungry but he seemed not to care a cent. I entertained him while Wm. D. ran out and dragged the hog to a good hiding place.

The man went away just about night and the hog was skinned in the dark. They got --- over it which ---. It tasted just like wild onions. Late at night we got something to eat.

March 8th

Two of Parson Newton's sons were at the Cedar Spring. Saw Tilly. Got some salt and travelled on, twenty-five miles or more. Camped to the left hand of the road in tolerable range.

March 9th, 10th

Laid by.

March 11th

Bad weather. It rained on us all day. We again turned in for the night. We like never to have got a fire kindled. We lay all night in mud and water. But I needn't put all this down. I remember it all too well without.

March 12th

Like never to have got a fire kindled this morning again. Horses all safe. Dried our blankets and packs. Wm. made a scaffold for us to sleep on. We fared somewhat better by it. This place we cannot name — Dismal Swamp, Pumpkin Bug, Old Hell are all too good for it.

March 13th

Arrived at Iron-Ore Creek. Bob Bean lives down this stream three or four miles. We were directed where to find wild rye but on going to the place there was none. Caught a possum right in camp, nearly. Wm. D. took a crack at a deer lying down this evening and knocked the fur from its back. It had been wounded before.

March 14th

A man came blustering in this morning who showed us the road to Robert B's. Followed his directions and soon got there. This was early in the morning. Staid all night. Robert had plenty of corn and fodder.

March 15th

Got to Earharts. Staid all night. Bill Bean came over. Miss Mary McDermot was there. I never heard such awful guitar playing in all my days.

March 16th

Went over and staid all night with Bill Bean.

March 17th

Started for home again. Saw Tom Gookin at Preston. Red River was near swimming us. Met Charley Galloway and some others going over. Got so cold that Wm. and myself stopped in a Chickasaw house and warmed. Arrived at Washita about sunset. Humes (?) came out and welcomed us. We ate with him. Mr. Lt. Bacon came over and offered me part of his bed, which I accepted.

March 18th

Found Geo. Lewis out at some Delaware camps. Got some eggs at the Chickasaw council ground which we packed all day. Lost our trail and went by Guess Hill. We found it again. Camped on the left hand side again.

March 19th

Onward. We got to Blue and stopped — the range being so fine we couldn't pass it. Amused myself by drawing pictures on the peeled trees around.

March 20th

Got to Little River. Lewis' horse gave out and he had to leave him. We beat George to Hazen's although he was an hour or so ahead of us. He had got lost as usual. Found Billy Sear at Little River.

(Note: No entries for March 21 and 22)

March 23rd

Left Little River. The wind was blowing so hard that we could not face it. We had taken the wrong trail. Camped in a patch of timber and built up a good fire which kept us warm.

March 24th

The wind was still cold with rain occasionally. We stopped under the hill at Jo's, a Chickasaw from whom we got eggs and bread.

March 25th

Took Joe's directions for the council ground and got lost by it. After wandering every way over mountains and in vallies we came to the North Fork. We had to retrace our steps as the mountains beyond were impassable. No Indians are at home. They are all down at Ticky Batchee working in the public field. We camped on a branch near a Creek from whom we got a little corn and some eggs.

March 26th

Got back into the road and followed it. Stopped a while at Chapman's old place. Got just beyond Bob Crockett's where we staid and also laid by the next day — the 27th.

March 28th

Bob Crockett left us at a house this side of Durden. We went around by Webber's Falls then to the mouth of Illinois. Camped on the Vian at old cabins. One more day yet.

March 29th

Travelled fast. Just about three o'clock we came to the opposite bank of the Arkansas river from Ft. Smith. After a great deal of delay we got over. Alfred Estill and old Staples were the first that we met.

Well, our trip is over — we may be wiser, but not richer by it. The scenes of Texas I have beheld may be things to be remembered but not to be beheld again. My regrets are not many, and I have believed that my time, my life has been much nearer God than if I had remained at home and still continued my march down the broad road of dissipation. May Heaven think so too.

Diary is at the William R. Perkins Library of Duke University, at Durham, NC. Microfilm copy at the University of Arkansas.

Hereby Hangs a Tale

PLEASE DON'T MONKEY 'ROUND

If you have any Tales, long or short, regarding Washington County History, send 'em to us.